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By the men . . for the men in the service

STORY OF OUR 1ST OFFENSIV

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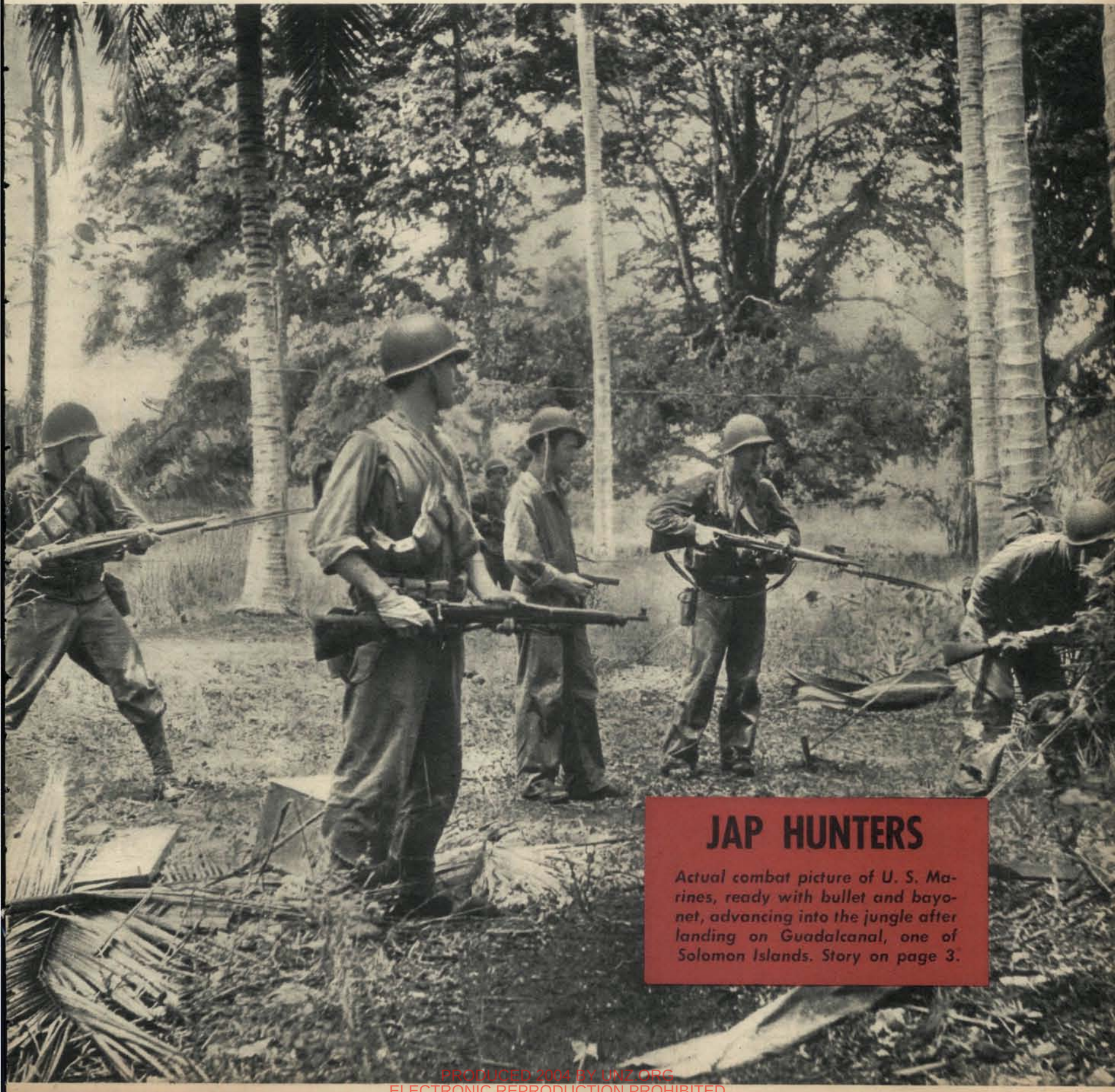

JAP HUNTERS

Actual combat picture of U. S. Marines, ready with bullet and bayonet, advancing into the jungle after landing on Guadalcanal, one of Solomon Islands. Story on page 3.

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LONELY SATURDAY NIGHT—JAP OFFICER'S BATHTUB, MINUS JAP

MARINES ROLL UP ON SOLOMON BEACHES IN A TANK THAT SWIMS LIKE A DUCK

WE SLASH OUT IN THE PACIFIC

LEAPING FROM THEIR LANDING BARGES, U. S. MARINES ESTABLISH A BEACHHEAD ON GUADALCANAL—GUNS, TANKS, JEEPS SOON FOLLOWED TO TAKE AND HOLD THE ISLAND

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Saga of the SOLOMONS

Tanambogo Island (foreground) in the Solomons after the American airplanes dropped their loads. Causeway (left) connects with Gavutu Island.

For many it was the first real landing, and for many it was the last. They waded to shore in good order, and then spread out. They caught the Jap flat-footed, with his pants down, and they hunted him through the jungle and into the caves. They dropped him out of the trees and off of the cliffs, and they didn't take enough prisoners to fill a subway car. And when it was all over they said "Thank you very much for this nice equipment," and settled down to stay for awhile. That was the Marines in the Solomon Islands in August, 1942.

THE Marines were going to work. They sprawled on the decks of great transports and watched the dim shore of the South Pacific port fade behind them. Around their transports hulking cruisers and destroyers like whippets sent their smoke pouring out in the blue air of a clear August day, by their mere presence giving a feeling of security to the tough men who were oiling their rifles and polishing their bayonets. The Marines knew that they were the largest force ever assembled to engage in a landing operation, and the amount of scuttlebutt — Marine for "latrine rumor"—about where they were going reverberated from the transports' decks. Guesses ranged from the geisha houses of Yokahoma to the Admiral Byrd Mountains of Little America. Wherever they went, the Marines were glad they were going.

The convoy had been out three days when the call came to battle stations. Three planes had appeared, and as they came out of the horizon the Marines waited tensely, trying to identify them. They turned out to be friendly craft — the eyes of approaching reinforcements. Later that day smoke appeared on all points of the horizon, and as time passed, a Marine could see, fore and aft and port and starboard, big aircraft carriers, heavy cruisers, and enormous transports moving along with him.

Where they were going was still the big question. During the next two days the skies were dark, overcast. Great cloud banks sank down against the water. This was good, though; no enemy plane could spot them in weather like that. Occasionally, through fog, they could make out a few friendly islands.

It was not until these islands had been passed that unit commanders called their men together and told them where they were going. Their objective was the Solomon Islands, a Japanese-held group 200 miles south of the equator in mid-Pacific. The Solomons were the Jap's southernmost conquest. More important, these were the islands that were being developed by the enemy into a base from which U. S. shipping routes to New Zealand and Australia could be attacked.

Now that the Marines knew where they were going, they were ready. The talk and the guesswork subsided. Each man busied himself with his equipment. When a man is going to do a lot of gun-using, he wants his gun to be right.

On the night of August 6-7 all hands turned out at 2 a. m. The ships continued to slip through calm waters as the Marines lined up below decks for a breakfast of steak, scrambled eggs, fried potatoes, toast, jam and coffee. They knew that for days to come they would be on iron field rations; no man was going to miss this opportunity for good chow.

Outside the weather had cleared. The mist and low clouds had disappeared and there were bright stars and strange constellations in the southern sky. To the right the faint outline of an island could be detected. That was Guadalcanal. Slowly another island loomed into being on the left. That was Florida. The huge convoy was making its way slowly, silently, stealthily through the passage between Guadalcanal and Florida Islands to the very heart of the Solomons 15 miles north—to the harbor at Tulagi. And not one peep was yet to be heard from the enemy-held shore.

Dawn comes much later this time of year in the tropics than it does in the U. S. Not until 5:25 a. m. did the ship's crew take to battle stations. Not until 6:05 a. m. was the order given to "stand by to lower boats." And it was not until 6:17 a. m. that the big cruisers' guns began to boom. As they opened up the big Navy bombers and the smaller dive-bombers went to work on shore installations and batteries. Jap camps were bombed and strafed.

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Jap ships were sunk in the harbor. Most important of all, nine Zeros equipped with floats, five big patro' seaplanes and one four-engined bomber were put out of action before they could get off the water. That left the Japs in the Solomons with not one plane to fly.

Bothered and Bewildered Japs

All up and down the 15-mile stretch of water hell was breaking loose, to the obvious consternation of a bewildered Jap garrison. So effective was this preliminary bombardment that not one Jap shore battery was able to reply. Here and there, sporadic machine-gun fire; nothing else.

Boats swung out on davits and were lowered as Marine combat groups made ready to strike for shore. Around the big transports hundreds of smaller craft were swarming — landing barges, tank lighters, amphibious tanks that the Marines call "alligators," amphibious tractors to serve as machine shops on shore. The landing barges all flew small U. S. flags.

"H" hour—the hour for attack—differed up and down the line, but generally it was set at 08:00. A company of Marines under Captain E. J. Crane landed first, the spot chosen being a promontory on Florida Island which overlooked Tulagi. Not a Jap was in sight. Not a Jap shot was heard.

Thirty minutes later a marine raider battalion under Col. Merritt Edson landed on a beach at the northwest end of Tulagi. Again not a Jap was seen, and only one Jap shot was fired; that by a lone sniper.

An amber flare from the shore of Guadalcanal announced that Combat Group A, under Lieut. Col. L. P. Hunt, had made a third landing. Again there were no Japs, no shots.

The lack of defense was eerie, but no Marine believed for a minute that it was going to be this easy all the way. In fact, they would soon discover that the Japs had simply been surprised out of their wits by this early bombardment and had fled in haste to what they thought were safe positions in dugouts, caves and caverns far back in the hills. There they would fight until dead.

On the two biggest Solomons little *did* happen on that first day. The Marines made no attempt to push inland on Florida. On Guadalcanal they spread out through the coconut groves and tall grass at the same time that tanks and tractors were landed and a headquarters was set up on the beach. The day was steaming hot and toward night a heavy tropical rain set in. The Guadalcanal Marines bivouacked that night under palm trees, sleeping for the most part in mud puddles. They were uncomfortable, but undisturbed.

The picture was different in the Tulagi area. After landing there, the raiders, their heavy packs on their backs, climbed the steep cliffs, dragged machine-guns up behind them and, after splitting into two separate parties, headed cautiously southeast toward the chief settlement of the Solomon Islands—the town of Tulagi.

This was a hilly, heavily wooded section and it took one party of the raiders two and a half hours to cover a mile and a half of this terrain. At the end of that time they ran into their first serious trouble—a series of machine-gun nests hidden in limestone caves dug into the hillside. To wipe out these nests men crawled up the hill under fire, and then slipped down a cliff to throw grenades into the mouths of the caves. This was the first indication of the kind of desperate opposition that the U. S. Marines were to face on the Solomon Islands.

Cricket Field Fighting

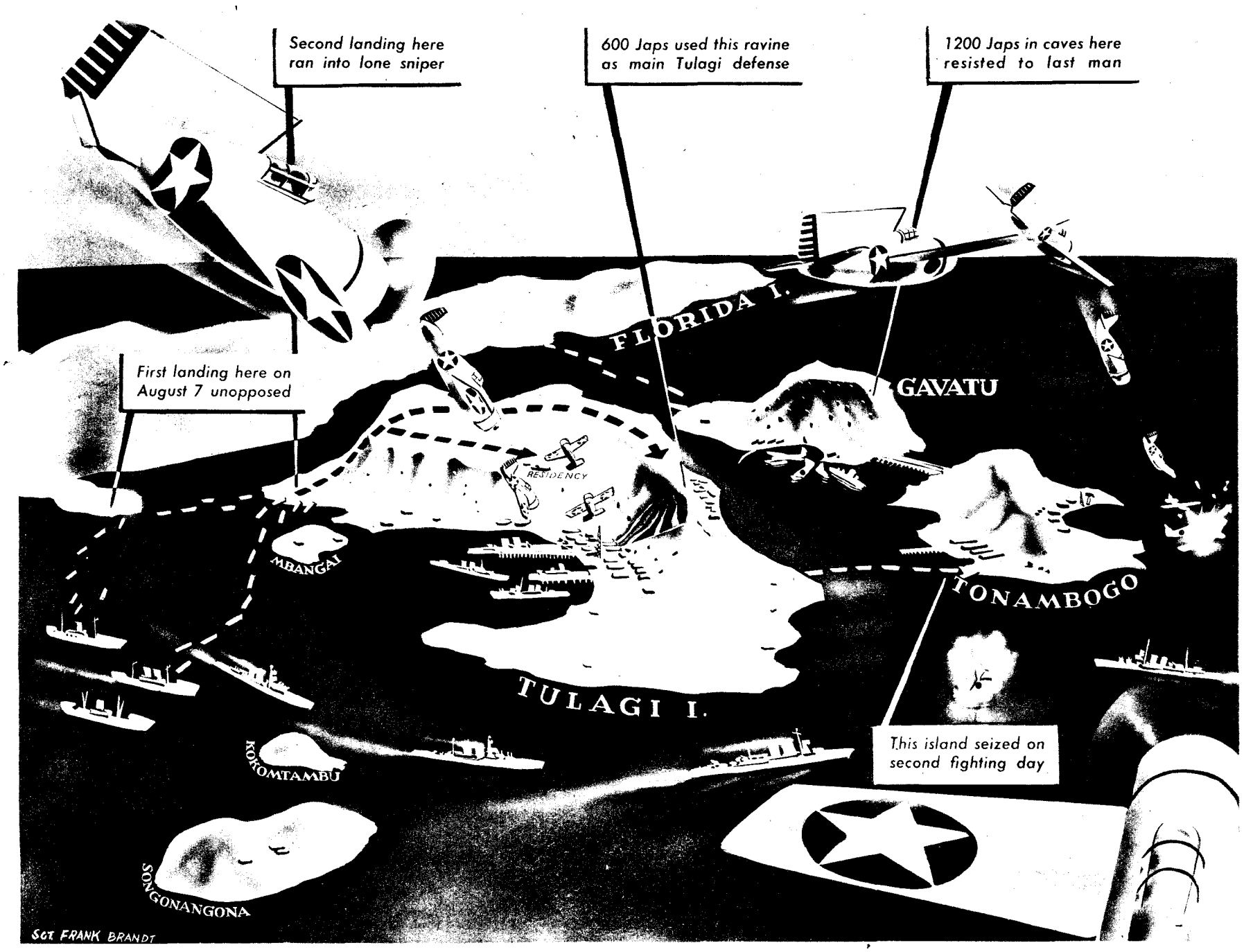
The other party of raiders worked their way on the other side of Tulagi's chief ridge into the town. They took the hill on which stood the old British Residency, symbol of happier days, and captured the cricket field just below it. Jap snipers seemed to be behind every rock, in every tree and in every building in the area. The raiders, however, ran into something more formidable—a ravine, the other side of which was literally studded with a labyrinth of pillboxes and dugouts from which poured withering fire. This was the Japs' main line of defense on Tulagi Island. Captain Harold T. A. Richmond, commanding this detachment, decided to bide his time and hold a purely defensive position until reinforcements arrived.

The small islands of Gavutu and Tanambogo, connected with each other by a concrete causeway, lie just off Tulagi. Gavutu, about a mile long, the site of the seaplane base destroyed in the early bombing, was ordered attacked at noon on that first day by Marines under Major Robert H. Williams. Major Williams was badly wounded as he landed under fire on the wharf and the command fell to Captain George Stallings.

Gavutu was perhaps the best-fortified of the islands. Rising abruptly in the center of the island is a hill 148 feet high which was honeycombed with scores of spacious limestone caves. Tunnels connected many of these underground chambers, most of which were also equipped with radios. They were ideal for defense, and the Japs made the most of them. Landing under a rain of fire, the Marines knew that the only way to get the Japs off this island was to blast in the caves.

Torgeson and TNT

It was Captain Harry L. Torgeson who showed the way to conquer Gavutu. He crept slowly up the hill, covered by the fire of only four men. Into the mouth of one cave he hurled charges of TNT tied to boards with short fuses. The blast was deafening. The hillside seemed almost to fall in. The Japs inside were either blown up or buried alive. Captain Torgeson proceeded to pay calls on other caves for hours, using up 20 cases of TNT. Once he ran out of matches and had



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to call for more. He broke a wrist watch; his pants were blasted off. But he also blew up 50 caves and killed unknown numbers of Japs.

To mention all the heroes of Gavutu would mean going through the roster of the men who fought there. Cpl. Ralph W. Fordice mopped up seven dugouts, each harboring at least six Japs. Out of one cave alone he dragged eight dead enemies. Cpl. George F. Brady killed two Japs with his sub-machinegun and when his gun jammed used the butt to kill a third. After that he took his knife and disposed of two more.

Cpl. John Blackan cleaned out five dugouts single-handed. Sgt. Max Keplow killed three Japs playing dead on a beach, then blasted out two dugouts. Platoon Sgt. Harry M. Tully operated as a sniper-hunter for 48 hours, pecking off Japs one by one. One night he lay on a beach and watched a Jap swim ashore behind a log flat. He waited patiently without stirring for 18 minutes until the Jap raised his head. Then Tully got his man.

On that afternoon of August 7 the Marines planted the Stars and Stripes on the Gavutu hilltop, the bugles blew and the Marines stopped fighting for a split second to cheer. The Rising Sun still floated above Tanambogo, 500 yards away, but Marine sharp-shooters shot it away.

At dusk that evening the first attack on Tanambogo took place. The connecting causeway was covered by Jap fire; an advance across it would have been suicide. Another boat-landing operation was thus called for. The Marines here were to be guided by an Australian flight lieutenant who knew every inch of the islands.

Destroyers laid down a 5-minute barrage as the boats came to shore. The last naval shell fired hit a fuel dump which lit up the landing dock so brilliantly that the Marines were exposed to the full view of the Jap machine-gunners; the attack had to be called off for that night, to be resumed the following morning. Two tanks were sent over to Tanambogo in advance of the landing party. One tank had made its way inland about 100 feet when Japs began to swarm over it. They thrust iron rods into its treads. They poured gasoline over it and set it afire. At that moment the Marine lieutenant operating the tank opened the turret top, turned his gun on the Japs and killed 23 of them before he himself was knifed to death. Within an hour this lieutenant's life was avenged when Tanambogo was subjected to the tried-and-true methods which had conquered Gavutu.

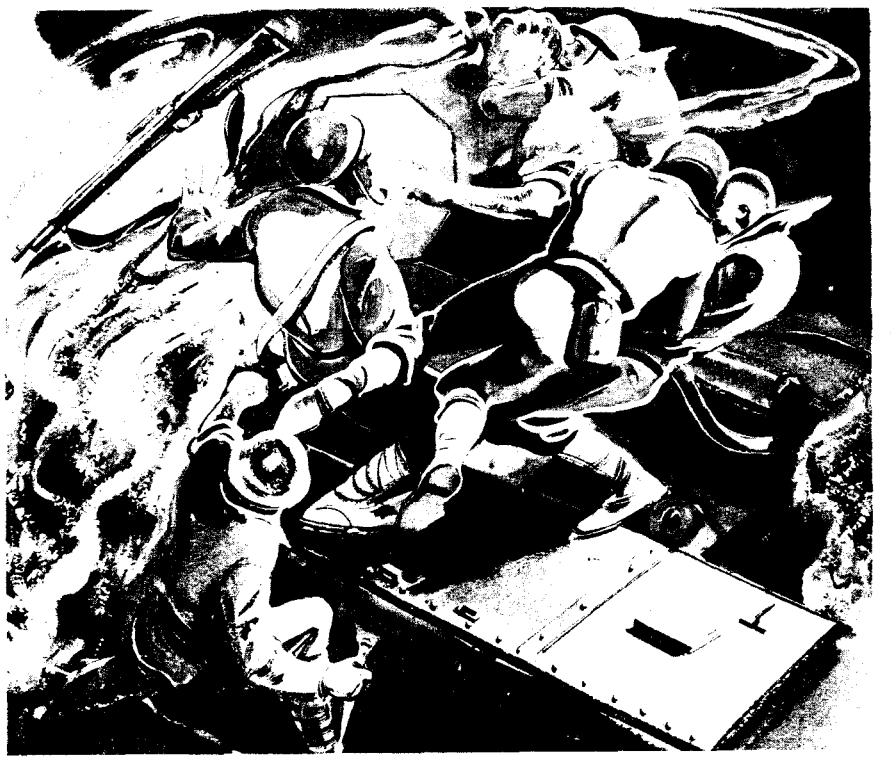
Jap Attack Balked

At 22:30 on August 7, with a tropical rain coming down in sheets, the Japs pulled a surprise night attack on Tulagi. They came out of their caves with knives, rifles and grenades. They almost captured one Marine lieutenant colonel, who vacated his post only two minutes before the enemy arrived. For a time they even surrounded one company of Marines. Lieut. John B. Doyle jr. and eight men held an observation post on a high cliff and spent their time pushing Japs off the precipice. A reserve Marine company was soon brought up to settle matters, and the Japs went back to their caves.

As August 8 dawned the Marines held all of Gavutu, most of Tulagi and had toe-holds on Florida and Guadalcanal. After taking Tanambogo, the next order of the day was cleaning out the Tulagi ravine. By early morning this ravine was covered by fire from three sides. By 3 p. m. every last Jap in every cave had been killed.

One unnamed sergeant tried to blow out a dugout with grenades, only to find that as fast as he tossed them in the Japs tossed them back out. He tried dynamite next and that came back too. Then he charged inside and trained his machine-gun on four Japs. He found eight others lying dead there.

There was no silencing of any Jap dugout until every one in it had been killed. As soon as one Jap machine-gunner was killed another would take his place. One lone Jap held out in a cave for two days without food or water, surrounded by the corpses of eight fellow soldiers killed by a grenade. He too finally met his death.



A Marine tank at Tanambogo was stopped by a swarm of Japs who poured gasoline over it and set it on fire. The lieutenant in charge opened the turret and killed 23 Japs with his machine gun before they got inside and knifed him.

Marines landing on Gavutu found the Japs lodged in caves but Captain Harry L. Torgeson made short work of them. He visited each one, tossing TNT inside as a calling card, blowing up 50 caves and leaving countless enemies killed or buried alive.

In another cave three Japs fought until they had just three bullets left. One of these Japs killed his two buddies with two of the bullets and used the third for himself.

On that second day of fighting the Marines on Guadalcanal moved inland to capture, virtually without opposition, an 85% completed airfield with a 1400-foot runway. They ran into the enemy later, although he offered here no such resistance as the Marines had experienced on Tulagi. The Japs worked mostly from isolated machine-gun nests.

Platoon Sgt. Frank L. Few, a part Indian from Arizona, had a brief encounter with three Japs on Guadalcanal, killed all three in hand-to-hand combat and then was obliged to swim four and a half miles to safety.

Total Surprise for Nips

It was obvious as time went on that the Japs had been overwhelmed by the suddenness of the attack. They left breakfast tables covered with bowls of rice half eaten and with chopsticks handy nearby. Jap soldiers' pants hung on to wash lines at one field. A Jap officer's outdoor bath was filled; he obviously had left hurriedly and dripping.

Large stores of food were captured, including such luxuries as beer, champagne, soda pop, soap and clothing. But there were also ammunition dumps intact, pom-poms, all sorts of fuel, radios that still were operating, trucks, cars, refrigerators, even an electric light plant. One shore battery was found loaded and ready to fire. The machinery for finishing the magnificent airport—roller and all—was there for Americans to use.

Robbed of aerial resistance in the Solomons themselves, Jap airmen on nearby islands were sent to the rescue. At 15:26 on the first day of the attack 25 heavy Jap bombers came over, skimming the trees. They hit nothing, but ran into heavy ack-ack fire; many went down in flames. Others met their fate out over the open sea, where Navy fighters were waiting. At 4 p. m. that day 10 dive-bombers came over and did hit one U. S. destroyer. At noon the next day 40 torpedo planes attacked. They hit an unloaded transport and another destroyer, but 12 of these were shot down by ships' anti-aircraft fire and another two by U. S. shore batteries. It was a suicidal raid. In those first two days the Japs lost at least 47 planes. In days to come the score went up to above 100.

On the night of August 8 Jap warships moved to the attack, but never got within range of either transports or cargo ships. On the 9th Japs landed some 700 well-equipped men on Tulagi's beaches. Morning came and 670 of these were killed, 30 taken prisoners. Meanwhile all transports and cargo ships were unloaded and by nightfall of August 9 the merchantmen departed for safer berths. After that the Jap Navy made several stabs in the direction of the Solomons, and each time were turned back. Lately Jap planes have been coming over, always at noon. Every once in a while a Jap submarine will pop up in the harbor and pepper a beach or so, but do little harm.

By noon of August 10 it could be said that all major resistance on five islands had been overcome and that for all intents and purposes the Solomons were ours. Exactly how many Japs were buried alive or killed in this two and a half day battle only Tokyo would know, and Tokyo was not talking about this affair.

On Tulagi there had been at least 600 Japs—and not a one surrendered.

On Gavutu there had been a good 1200—and they were all killed.

Results that Count

On Tanambogo and Guadalcanal there were several hundred more apiece, and virtually none of them was captured. In fact, the only Japs captured during the first two days of fighting were seven from a labor battalion and three who suffered from malaria and were left behind in the camps. There was no shrinking from the fact that we, too, had had casualties, but they amounted to not one fraction of those suffered by the enemy and, in the words of Major Gen. A. A. Vandegrift, who commanded the Marines in this action, were "by no means disproportionate to the results achieved." Summed up the general in congratulating the men in his command: "God favors the bold and the strong of heart."

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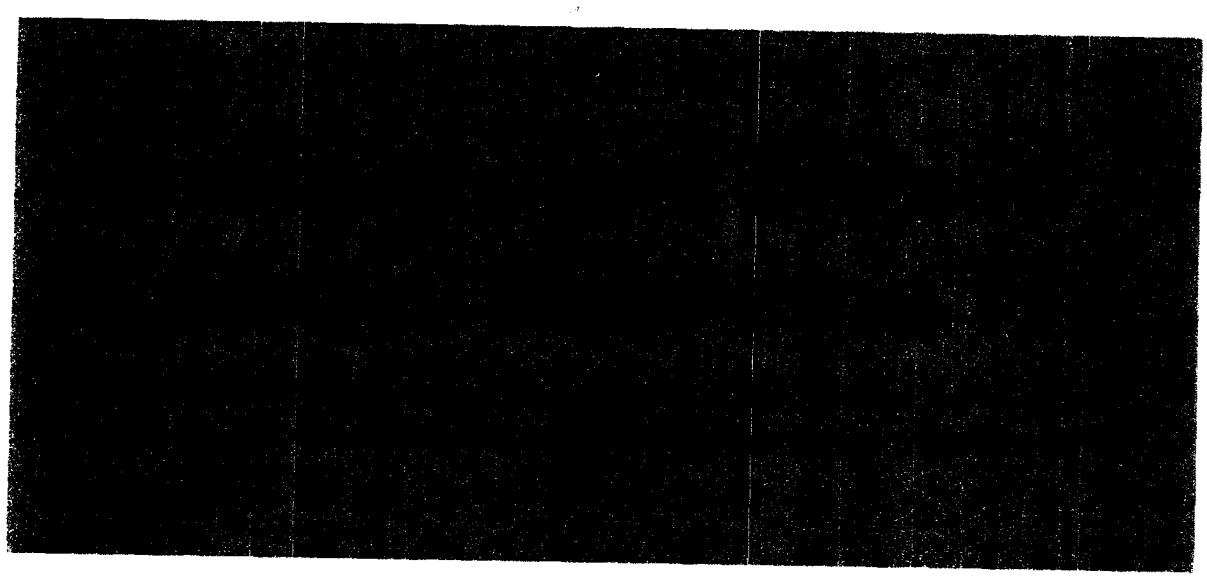


LATE summer in Moscow found Russia's capital busy with preparations for the winter. Corps of civilian workers combed the countryside for every available piece of loose wood. Coal would be scarce this winter; transportation would be difficult. Every stick of firewood saved now would count during the long freeze.

There was also a great to-do in Russia's kitchens. The U.S.S.R. has sufficient wheat reserves on hand to insure a fairly steady supply of bread for the next year, but other items on the menu will be scarce. The Russians have their own version of "victory gardens." Instead of eating fruit this summer, they have been canning it for the winter.

But not all was work in Moscow. On days off Muscovites still flocked to the spacious Park of Rest and Culture, where they could still wander up and down shady paths, still ride on the merry-go-round, still practice on the famous parachute jump. In the city a stirring war play called "Russian People" had an enormous success. Road companies were forming to give it all over the country this winter. The Ballet Theatre gave nightly to capacity audiences two old favorites—"Swan Lake" and "Don Quixote."

First Offensive of the Season

For Moscow the summer had been comparatively quiet. The Hitlerites—as the Russians prefer to call their enemies—have prudently remained more than 100 miles away from the capital and the Luftwaffe has preferred not to try to break through the city's anti-aircraft defense on bombing expeditions. Only in the last weeks of summer, in fact, did action on the Moscow front again take place—and this time it was the Red Army that started the offensive.

About 130 miles northwest of Moscow the Nazis still held a dangerous and well-fortified salient which pointed like an arrow at Klin and Kalinin and then at Moscow. At the head of this salient was Rzhev; at its tail Smolensk, the city where Hitler last winter made his headquarters. It was this Nazi-held salient that General Gregory K. Zhukov, the peasant's son who has now become the Red Army's Chief of Staff, elected to attack in the Red Army's first offensive since last winter.

Forces under General Lelyushenko converged from five directions on Rzhev itself and fought their way into the city's streets. Other forces meanwhile attacked Rzhev's communications with Vyazma, on the road to Smolensk. It was by no means an all-out offensive, definitely a limited objective. It was not as spectacular as last winter's zero-weather fighting which rolled the Nazis back from Moscow's very suburbs. But from communiques issued in Berlin and from German orders captured in Rzhev, it nevertheless had the Nazis worried. At last reports Russian operations in this theatre of war were "proceeding according to plan."

Volga Boatmen Still Heave-Ho

General Zhukov's attack on Rzhev was designed to force the Germans to switch some of their strength from the southern front, where from 80 to 100 divisions under Field Marshal Fedor von Bock were making a supreme effort to capture Stalingrad on the Volga. With the Germans not more than 40 miles away, the city named for Joseph Stalin still carried on. If anything, traffic on the Volga was greater than before, and loadings and unloadings at the city docks were three times as rapid as in peacetime. The immense factory that dominates the city still produced, assembled and tested tanks under the Nazis' very noses.

The Nazis tried an aerial blitz on Stalingrad and in a special radio broadcast, noisy with fanfare, they declared that the city had suffered the fate administered earlier in the war to Warsaw and Rotterdam. Stalingrad, however, is a new-type, almost model city spread over a great area, with parks, lawns and green spaces separating its buildings. Typically Nazi blitzkrieg methods won't—and didn't—work here.

Having tried to blast from the air a path leading directly to the city, the Nazis hurled a full tank division supported by armored cars at the northwestern defenses of Stalingrad. The Germans broke through all right, but were immediately engulfed in a fierce Russian counter-offensive which used tanks. Some Nazi tank units were isolated from their supported troops, and at least 100 were lost in one engagement. The Red Army recaptured several positions from the enemy. The Nazis dropped detachments of parachute troops behind the Russian lines in a dozen places, but most of them were mopped up.

Stalingrad was still in mortal danger, but at least there was some reason to hope that this vital point in the very heart of the U.S.S.R. could still be held. Soviet communiques on Stalingrad were more confident in tone than they had been for weeks. Even the Germans advised their listeners not to expect the fall of Stalingrad overnight.

Over the Hills?

The Germans made some further progress toward the Grozny oil fields and edged nearer to Soviet Black Sea ports. They also announced they had planted the swastika atop twin-peaked, snow-covered Mount Elbrus, highest spot in all Europe. It is 18,471 feet high, a good 2,500 feet higher than the tallest Alp. Curiously enough, Elbrus was last "explored" by a German scientific party in 1929, after which the Soviet Government, fearing espionage, decided to limit such activities. Elbrus is important in that it commands a pass through which runs one of the five north-south military roads of the Caucasus. The Nazis have concentrated so much strength before Stalingrad that it scarcely seems possible they can penetrate further into the Caucasus before deciding the fate of Stalingrad. Nevertheless, lately they have been bringing more and more Alpine divisions into this corner of Europe, thus suggesting that they intend sooner or later to scale the Caucasian Mountains and try to take the biggest prize of all—the Baku oil fields.

In the Air—More Business

The RAF with its Lancasters and Stirlings streamed across the English Channel all week under a bombers' moon, and the AAF with its Flying Fortresses flew high against the sun to do precision bombing. There was no letup in the relentless drone of planes and the scream of bombs over Hitler's Europe. The Allied air offensive over Western Europe was gaining momentum; longer nights were coming, too, and with the extra darkness would also come longer flights, more time in the air, more targets, more bombs.

In 24-hour-a-day operations the Allies struck at important centers of Nazi war production, paying special attention to the Reich's railroad system. Kassel was visited, home of the Henschel Locomotive Works, largest in Europe. Frankfort, one of Germany's oldest cities, ancestral home of the famous Rothschild banking family and now an important railway center, was attacked. Nuremburg, site of the Nazi Party's gaudy meetings but also a rail-producing center, was struck in a brief night attack.

Over Mealte, in northwestern France, where the Potez aircraft factory has been converted into a repair shop for German bombers, and over Courtrai, Belgium, the Flying Fortresses made their seventh and eighth forays respectively without losing a single bomber. The RAF used about 600 planes in each of its night raids, losing an average of 5 per cent of the bombers.

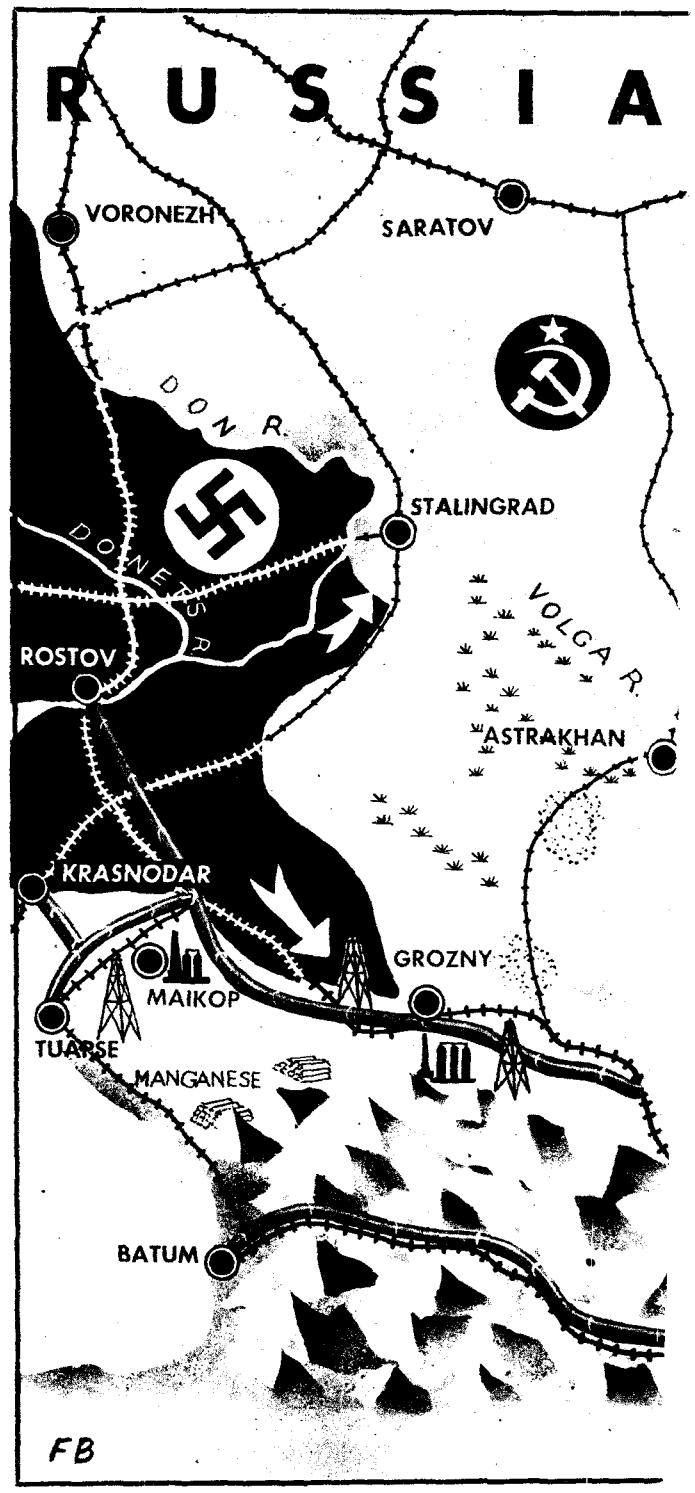
Block Busters Coming Down

But the number of planes was not the tell-tale fact about these raids. More important was the bomb tonnage the planes carried. In most of these attacks the British carried the new two-ton explosive giants that the Germans have named "block busters." These bombs are thinly cased, explode on contact and depend on air displacement to do their damage. First used in a raid on Emden, they have been dropped out of British bombers on most recent RAF visits. Their most effective use was at Dusseldorf in late July, when 150 block-busters devastated four square miles of war industries. Steel and machinery establishments, auto parts plants, factories for armor plate, bombs and hand grenades were erased as if they never had existed. More than 1,000 planes were used in the earlier raid on Cologne, but the 600-plane affair on Dusseldorf was actually a deadlier attack because of the block-busters.

The U. S. also is getting ready to use block-busters, and recently at the Army Ordnance proving ground at Aberdeen, Maryland, 2,000-pound bombs of this type were tested.

"Another Think Coming"

Whether this stepped-up bombing of western Europe was preparatory to the opening of a sec-



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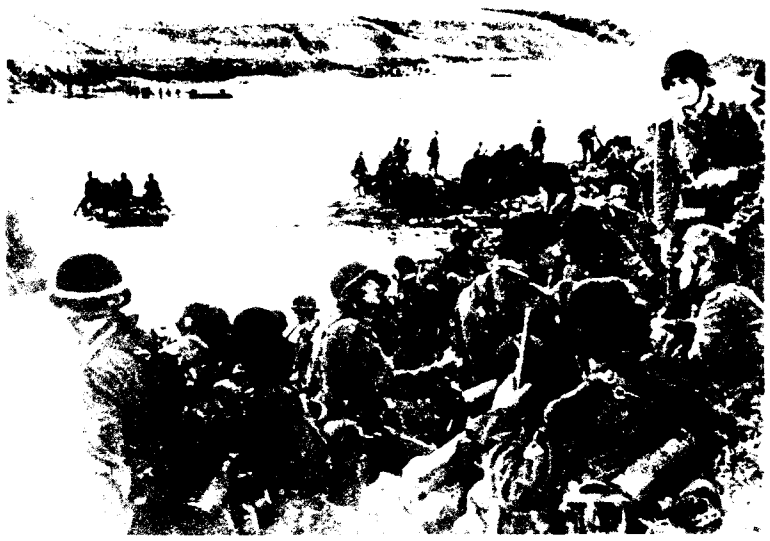


Germans cross the Don River during Caucasus drive

Axis artillery shells burst among British vehicles on the Egyptian front

ond front was a question only a tight-lipped Allied high command could answer. One school of war strategists believes that Germany can be licked by bombings alone. On the opposite side of the fence, however, is Lieut. Gen. McNaughton, commander of the Canadian Army Overseas, whom newspaper speculation has placed high on the list of possible Allied second-front commanders. In an interview in England, Gen. McNaughton said of second-front possibilities:

"The Allies will have to cross the Channel and fight their way through the beaches. You have only to look at a geography. There are powerful British and Canadian armies in the United Kingdom. Our great ally (the U. S.) has a powerful army here. Anyone who thinks we're going to sit here back of this ditch (the English Channel) has another think coming."

In Asia

The Tokyo radio, which is inordinately slow at admitting Jap reversals, has finally let its listening public in on a little matter which the Jap high command has long tried to keep secret. That is the series of defeats the Jap Army has suffered in China during the last month.

Radio Tokyo sugar-coated its admission with the explanation that its soldiers in the two big Chinese provinces of Chekiang and Kiangsi had accomplished their mission and were now being withdrawn to a "new field of operations." The Chinese counted Japanese dead by the thousands as the Mikado's men "withdrew."

Nice Trick—If They Could Do It

The Jap offensive in the interior of China, which began early in June, was probably inspired by the Doolittle raid on Japan last April. The Japs suspected that the U. S. bombers came from and returned to a Chinese base, and thereupon set out to conquer all Chinese airfields within possible bombing distance of Tokyo. In doing this they also decided to take the important rail line from Hankow to Canton—a line which, they boasted, would give them continuous, almost unbroken railroad communications from Manchuria to Singapore. While the Jap Army cleared up the interior the Jap Navy was to move in on the last of Free China's coastal cities.

After an initial but costly success, the Japanese began to meet one reverse after another. The force that drove toward U. S. air bases at Kweilin was hurled back in utter confusion by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's Army. The Jap Army moving northwest from Canton was so thoroughly beaten it had to retire. The Navy convoyed landing parties which moved inland from Foochow, were halted, then routed. Bit by bit the Chinese began to retake the railway—first 50 miles of it, then 100 miles, now a good 250-mile stretch. The air fields seized by the Japs are now practically all back in Chinese hands, and ready to be used for the 700-mile bombing trip to Tokyo. Particularly important was the field at Chuhsien, considered one of the best in the Far East. As the AAF in China continued to bomb Jap bases here, there and everywhere, Chinese morale soared.

Back at Pearl Harbor after the recent Marine raid on Makin Island, in the South Pacific, Lieut. Col. Evans Carlson and his executive officer, Major James Roosevelt, gave these further details of that two-day operation:

The garrison at Makin consisted of 200 young Jap marines described as definitely of a better type than the Jap soldiers in China. Although the marines tried to take prisoners, no Japanese surrendered and at the end all but two of the defenders were killed. The remaining two were unaccounted for.

The raid freed some Catholic missionary nuns caught by the Jap seizure of the island last December and a few British citizens who had been forced to work at hard labor.

Leatherneck Pulls a Lamour

The 1,700 Gilbert Island natives living on Makin were glad to see the Marines and offered utmost cooperation. For example, Captain James N. M. Davis had his clothes stripped off and fought naked for a while. Then a native appeared and gave him a sarong.

There was a good deal of hand-to-hand fighting, "including wrestling."

Besides destroying a Jap transport, a big patrol boat, a seaplane and a scouter plane, the Marines also took care of 1,000 drums of aviation gasoline, a number of bombs stacked up for future use and a large supply of Jap food.

Major Roosevelt, the President's eldest son, minimized his part in the raid. He fired two shots, was the target of two bad but persistent enemy snipers and underwent seven attacks from Japanese dive-bombers. These bombings were "wild and inaccurate" and not a Marine was even hurt in them.

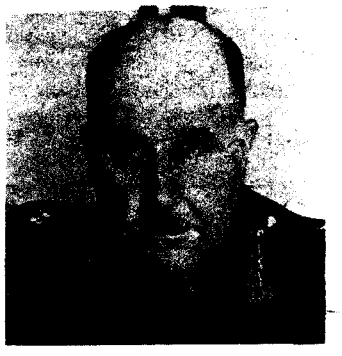
The British have reorganized their Middle East war machine to meet the trouble they expect any day. Over the entire Middle East Command they have placed Gen. Sir Harold R. L. G. Alexander as guardian of the Empire from Libya to the Caucasus. In Egypt, facing Rommel and his Afrika Korps, they have made Lieut. Gen. Bernard Law Montgomery the defender of the Nile and commander of the British Eighth Army. In the arid neck between Europe and Asia they have placed Gen. Sir Henry Maitland Wilson in command of British forces in Iran and Iraq.

The British are keeping one eye on Rommel 75 miles from Alexandria, and the other on Bock driving into the Caucasus toward Iran. English, Americans, Aussies, New Zealanders, Fighting French stand ready.

Only brief flurries of artillery and patrols have disturbed the recent calm in the Egyptian zone, but no fighter there believes he has long to wait before hell breaks loose again on the desert. Winter, scourge of war in the north but ideal for desert fighting, is not far off.

GEN. ALEXANDER succeeds Gen. Sir Claude J. E. Auchinleck. A former amateur Irish miler champion, the 50-year-old general is famed as the "last man out of Dunkirk." He evacuated the last contingent of 20,000 British troops from the Belgian coast in June, 1940. Placed in command of British troops in Burma only hours before the fall of Rangoon he earned Empire praise for brilliant tactical work. He tried twice to break through Jap encirclement; on the third try his three divisions broke through, then fought a rear guard action to the Indian border. During World War I he commanded the Irish Guards, went over the top with them 30 times before being wounded.

LIEUT. GEN. MONTGOMERY was twice wounded in France during World War I. Montgomery rose to a position of great trust during 1940 when the British High Command placed him at the head of the South-Eastern Command in England, most logical buffer zone for the expected invasion after Dunkirk. During that time the 50-year-old general established a reputation as a stickler for physical fitness and efficiency. He insisted that all officers of his command under 45 should make a seven-mile run once a week. Later he softened up, cut it down to a mere six miles with full equipment. During World War I he was mentioned in dispatches six times, won the coveted DSO.



GEN. WILSON was right hand man to Gen. Sir Archibald P. Wavell, when the Italians were first driven out of Libya; he commanded the B.T.E. (Army of the Nile). He led the successful British-Free French expedition into Syria against Nazi controlled Vichy Frenchmen in June, 1941. The first English officer to command a full mechanized brigade, he has been praised by Churchill as "one of our finest tacticians." Gen. Wilson ("Jumbo" to the Tommies) is 60, a member of a fighting family. His ancestors include Lord Raglan, C.O. of British troops in the Crimean war; Lord Cardigan, hero of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava; Sir George Cooke, veteran of Waterloo.

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IN SCOTLAND, a couple of American non-coms see uniforms that ARE uniforms after attending the opening of a Red Cross station.

IN HAWAII, two PFC's, Jackson McQueen and Burley Sanders, slap bass on the weekly Army Victory Jamboree broadcast. At other times, they're artillerymen.

Yanks at Home and Abroad

OUR MEN REPORT ON THE STATE OF THE WORLD ON MATTERS RANGING FROM JAP DISPOSAL TO ENGLISH FARMING

AUSTRALIA

The General Asks a Pleasant Favor—"Kill a Jap for Me—Each of You"

SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—"All I ask of each one of you is that you kill me a Jap."

The place: a training camp somewhere in Australia.

The audience: American soldiers sitting on a hillside in the shade of stately gum trees.

The speaker: General Douglas MacArthur.

General MacArthur's dramatic request of his troop was the climax of an eventful day in which a large contingent of Americans who have been stationed down under for several months got a glimpse for the first time of their boss.

No one had any inkling of General MacArthur's impending arrival except for a few high ranking officers, who were tipped off less than half an hour beforehand. Most of the G.I.'s in our outfit first knew about his presence when they saw a large black limousine, escorted by M.P.'s, drive up and stop nearby. Once they'd had a glance at its passenger, nobody had to guess who he was. There is only one soldier in these parts with so many ribbons on his chest, so much gold on his hat, and four gleaming stars on each shoulder.

The Army grapevine, a communications channel which is just as effective here as it always was back in the states, spread the news of his entrance into camp with amazing speed. Accordingly, by the time he had reached headquarters, where he was scheduled to eat lunch, a few hasty preparations had been made.

The mess sergeant had respectfully donned his best pair of pants, and dozens of officers were lounging near the mess hall door trying to look as if they hung around there all the time. General MacArthur crossed up this expectant throng by driving right past them and stopping in the midst of a detail of privates, wearing denims, who were working alongside the road.

Standing on the crest of a hill, MacArthur delivered an extemporaneous address to bring to a climax his first visit to us. It was a short, hard hitting speech.

In it he mentioned, to draw an analogy to the tactics of the Japs, the famous story of the time John McGraw asked Willie Keeler how he managed to maintain such a high batting average, and Willie replied, "I hit 'em where they ain't."

"That's the way the Jap does," said General MacArthur. "He hits you where you ain't. He disperses along your lines rapidly in groups, never more than a thousand, often half that, and keeps pushing in until he finds where you are not, and then he hits you. He goes through the holes in your lines, he goes around your flanks, and after he gets in your rear, he opens up with his tommy gun, and all the noise in the world.

"If you aren't first class troops and if you haven't full confidence in yourselves, the tendency is to fall back when you hear this racket going on in the rear. If you do that, he will destroy you."

It was near the end of his talk that General MacArthur asked each of us to kill a Jap for him.

"If you do," he added, "you will win—you will go on to victory."

FROM OUR AUSTRALIAN BUREAU

AFRICA

Watch That Tank, Corporal! It's On Its Way to Damascus Moe's

EGYPT—What isn't nailed down in the desert at nightfall, isn't around to greet the sun. Yanks in Egypt found this out fast, especially when native tribesmen, working as laborers around their camp, took off with a whole tank, part by part, and sold it for scrap metal.

Local name for the native workers is "wogs." Whatever you call them, they're slick operators. Even when a loose strand of wire or a stray carburetor falls out of their tunics, they carry the situation off with a smile. "Don't know how it got there," is their standard answer.

Loose-fingered "wogs" aren't the only distraction. You can't stay very long "out in the blue" (British slang for desert) without acquiring a series of nasty minor cuts and burns from flying sand. The sand particles are sharp as your late Aunt Minnie's tongue, and when they work their way into a cut or open sore, you don't sleep.

NEW GUINEA

Hero Medals to Three Negroes For Saving Pilot in Blazing Plane

NEW GUINEA — Somewhere inland on this South Sea outpost of U. S. troops a river loafs through tropical jungle to the sea. It's like a Southern river—like the Congaree or the Tallapoosa—except that it knows crocodiles and war.

Beside the river the other day three Negro soldiers of an Engineer outfit worked in the sun. They were Southern boys, one from Alabama and the other two from the Carolinas, and the river might have reminded them of home except for the U. S. fighter planes that wheeled overhead to intercept the bombers of Japan.

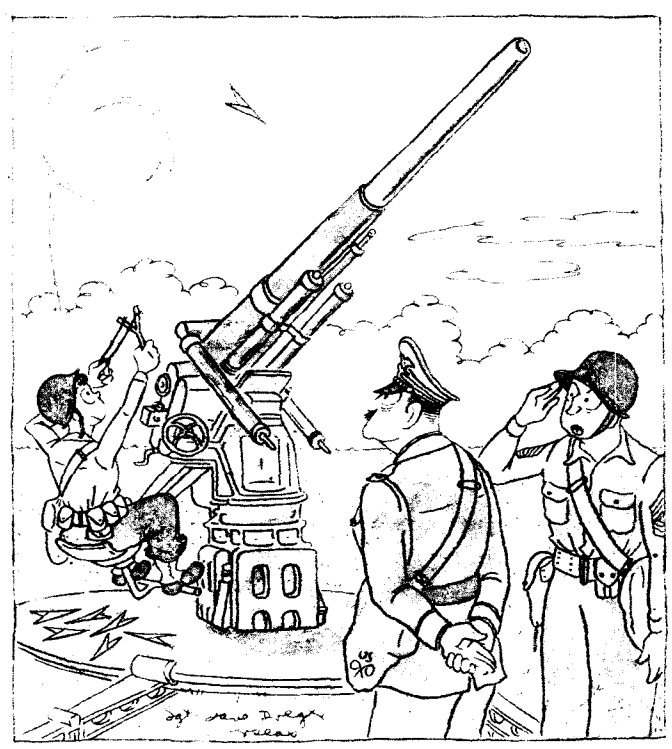
They looked up at the ships, as they had idly done before, but this time something was wrong. A fighter was in trouble, coming down. The boys watched spellbound as the plane fought to right itself, then crashed into the water.

A fuel tank burst, sending a spray of high-octane gasoline over the plane and onto the water around it. A spark flashed briefly, and plane and water burst into flame. In the cockpit, the pilot, dazed from the shock, struggled to get free. The heat reached the fighter's armament and ammunition exploded wildly.

The three watchers saw their chances and they saw no chance for the pilot with the river on fire around him. The Negro boys hit the water.

One—Pfc. Julius S. Franklin of Charleston—swam to the burning ship, with its ammunition belts a dancing string of deadly cannon-crackers.

G.I. Joe



"He claims it keeps him in practice, sir."

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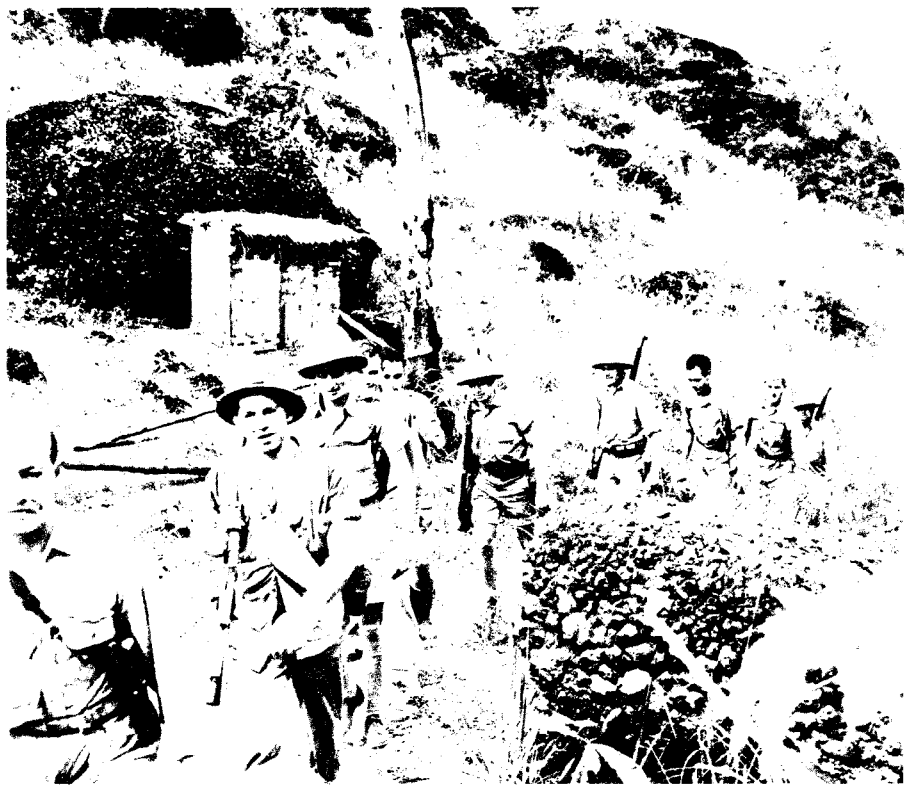
IN INDIA, two Yanks find the language a bit of a problem in making things clear to a "taxi" driver. In one moment they'll find the right word in that book.



IN NEW GUINEA, American pilots, gunners and ground crew form a searching party to comb the jungle for downed Yanks—or Japs.

He swam in to the cockpit, freed the pilot, pulled him clear. Behind him came his buddies, Pfc. Harley M. Crandle of Greenville, N. C., and Pvt. James Scott of Montgomery, Ala. Together they got the flier ashore, while in the water the plane burned angrily and the gasoline floated downstream.

For their bravery the first Negro soldiers to receive decorations in the South Pacific area were awarded the Soldiers Medal for Heroism.

Back in another U. S. fighter, a shaken but otherwise unhurt pilot went on with his job of intercepting Japs.

FROM A YANK FIELD CORRESPONDENT

BRITISH ISLES

From Crap-Shooting to Rural Harvest, This Is the A.E.F. Scene

LONDON — The biggest success story of this war centers around the anonymous private who won $1000 shooting craps the first two nights out on convoy, cleaning out everyone on his ship except the regimental chaplain. Wealthy but nervous, and suspicious of certain meaningful glances hurled his way by late opponents in the game, he deemed it necessary to hire two huskies at $5 a day to protect his person from assault. His guards erected a rope barricade along a patch of deck, within which space the *nouveau riche* dogface was able to get in a little solid reading. His example, unfortunately, has spurred other soldiers to attempt a dozen or so straight passes on their own hook, with fatal results.

Another character who is around these days is a tech sergeant who has been carrying a goldfish around in his hip pocket for two years, cached in a bottle that once contained giggle soup. The goldfish, named Oscar, appears to be rather stupid; anyway, he is unable to do any tricks except make bubbles at feeding time, which doesn't take much talent when you come right down to it. Oscar gets along very well in his bottle, though when the sergeant, whose name is Jack Miller, feels that he should spread his fins a little he fills his helmet with water and lets Oscar take a few curves in high. Though Oscar is only two inches in length, he has crossed the U. S. twice, and has been in 28 states in addition to his recent Atlantic crossing.

A mild Back-To-The-Soil movement is in progress in certain sections of the country. Quite a few ex-farmers in the AEF have obtained permission to assist English farmers in getting in their crops, and are now quietly and happily going about their old business in a new terrain. Even some officers, in whose bosoms a love of Mother Earth burns fiercely, have hopped on the harvest bandwagon. There is a warm bond between the English farmers and their AEF assistants, and the two groups have a high old time discussing contour farming (which the English are not terribly familiar with) and like topics. The Yanks are amazed at the amount of food the English can squeeze from a very small patch of earth, though they confess themselves rather depressed at the amount of people it takes to harvest a two-acre wheat field. They feel that a couple of machines could do the job in no time at all, while the harvesters could go about other business.

Our troops in North Ireland have opened the natives' eyes to a considerable degree, at least as far as getting things done goes. There have been instances of camps being put up in three weeks when the schedule allowed for three months, and one medical outfit, impatient with delays as only a medical outfit could be, threw up its own field operating unit.

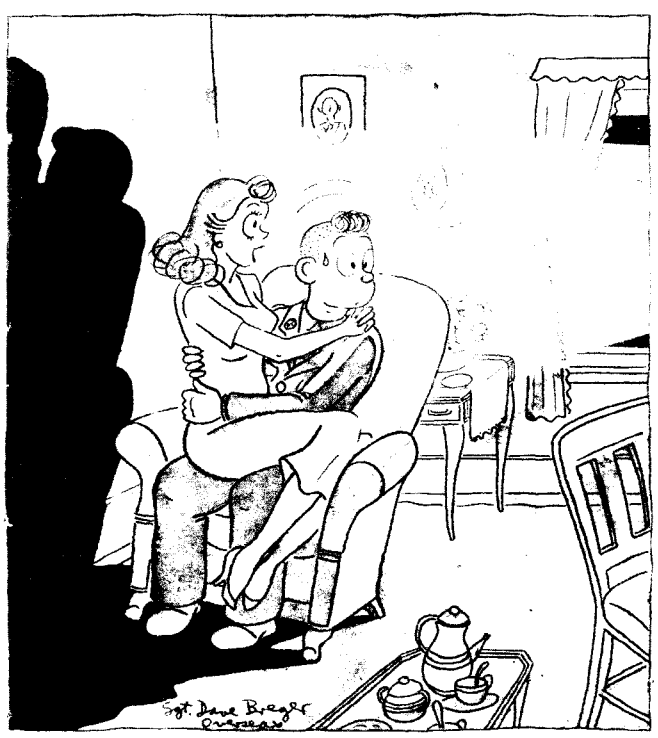
The grimmest thing about Ireland is the almost constant rain, which prevents a man from ever feeling completely dry. One soldier described his feelings succinctly when he said he felt like a small lake so often that he was sometimes tempted to put a line and sinker down his throat to see what he could catch in the way of fish.

The effect of Yank troops on the Irish citizenry varies considerably with the citizen's age and sex. The children are nuts about us, to slip into the vernacular. We get along very well with the girls, a fact which isn't calculated to endear us to the boys, and the older people take us pretty much as we come. The Visiting Fireman aura which we had upon arrival has worn off now, as has our novelty, and life has settled down to what it was before we arrived.

Most of the men are beginning to chafe for action. When a convoy arrives the first thing its unfortunate passengers do is go through a series of conditioning marches, to get the salt water out of their legs. The average soldier feels that he has had enough marching. One ordinarily close-mouthed private said, "I want to cut someone's throat. Hitler's, say."

FROM OUR LONDON BUREAU

By Sgt. Dave Breger



"That's my sergeant friend from the Searchlight Squad—he's crazy jealous!"

ALL OVER THE JOINT

A Woman Is Only a Woman (Adv.) But a 5c Cigar Costs 25 Rials

Don't think you're the only soldier who ever puzzled over foreign currency. Many a Roman legionary became confused when he tried to pay for a mug of beer in Scythia. "Gaius," he would yelp to a buddy, "them guys just rooked me out of two denarii. Less go back and stick 'em full of spears." No, you aren't the first soldier, and you probably won't be the last.

Foreign currency is easy to understand, though, once you get the hang of it. Suppose, for instance, you take 5c and 75c and just see how they stack up against other kinds of dough.

Australia contains, in addition to some of the world's best fighters and friendliest people, kangaroos and aborigines who stand around and grin and don't do much else. A nickel is worth 4 pence in Australia, and 75c will get you 5 shillings in a crap game.

The emblem of Canada is the maple leaf, and maple leaves, as everyone knows, can be very pretty in the fall. As everyone doesn't know, though, 5c Yank is worth 5c Canadian, while 75c Yank is worth 85c Canadian. Don't ask us what happened to the other dime.

If you offered to swap even, 5c would get you $1 Chungking, and 75c would get you $15. A buck private in Chungking would draw a whole grand for his $50 per.

In England 5c equals 3 pence and 75c equals 4 shillings.

In New Caledonia a nickel is 2 francs, and 75c is 30 francs.

In Egypt five bright new pennies makes 3 pence, and 75c is 4 shillings.

In Eritrea 5c is 25 cents and 75c is 4 shillings, just like Egypt.

In Iraq 5c is 12 fils and 75c is 200 fils.

In Iran a nickel is 1½ rials and 75c is 25 rials.

In British Guiana five cents equals 5c B.W.I., and 75c is 90c B.W.I.

In Dutch Guiana a nickel is 10 cents, and six bits makes for 1½ guilders.

It may strike you as funny that we should pick 5c and 75c as good sums on which to give you the foreign equivalent. It's funny, but 5c is the price of a single copy of YANK, and 75c is the price of a 6 months' subscription. Just a coincidence, that's all.

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LABOR DAY ALL OVER U. S.

But Not All the Nation Rests as Production Carries on, a New Battlewagon Hits the Ways

This was the Labor Day week-end in America and most war workers paused to enjoy a holiday of well-earned rest. Production schedules were generally rearranged to allow for a trip to the seashore or the lake or a quiet day at home, but, in several plants, shipyards and mines throughout the country, work considered vital to the war effort went on, day and night, as usual.

Donald Nelson, head of WPB, celebrated Labor Day by carrying out his threat to "get tough," taking the power of issuing manufacturing priorities away from the Army and Navy and setting up a tighter and more efficient system of controlling the flow of materials into production. He also announced that the manufacture of munitions, tanks, planes and guns was up 16 percent in July.

There was other good production news on Labor Day. The new 45,000 ton U.S.S. Iowa, greatest battleship in the world had roared down the ways into the water at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, seven months ahead of schedule. The ceremony took place during lunch hour so the workers in the yard could attend and they heard Assistant Secretary of the Navy Bard declare that the battleship would take its place in America's "seven ocean post-war navy." Then Mrs. Henry Wallace, wife of the Vice-President and a native of Iowa, broke the bottle of champagne on the bow and the huge man o'war slid gracefully into the water.

The Iowa, with a battery of 16-inch guns, is 880 feet long, only 200 feet shorter than the largest ocean liner. Operation of the ship requires 900 motors, 5,300 lighting fixtures, 275 service and 816 battle telephones. There are five others like her—the New Jersey, Missouri, Wisconsin, Illinois and Kentucky—under construction at other shipyards throughout the country.

Out in the West, Howard Hughes, the millionaire flyer who holds the record for circling the world and who also gave us Jean Harlow in "Hell's Angels," spent a busy Labor Day collaborating with Harry Kaiser on plans to build a fleet of super-cargo planes. Their problem is finding a material for these sky freighters because the available aluminum is going into bombers and fighters. Hughes, noted like Shipbuilder Kaiser for his ability to accomplish things in a hurry, thinks they can do it with wood.

Labor Day was a welcome day of rest at Northampton, Mass., and Fort Des Moines, Ia. On the Smith College campus at Northampton, the first contingent of the Navy's WAVES was ending the first week of officer training course in the new blue uniforms designed by Mainbocher. The neighboring Amherst College student weekly in an editorial of welcome declared, "To contemplate the shock of females as God made them, free of lipstick, fuzzy sweaters and $40 sport coats is very pleasing indeed." Incidentally, the Navy isn't issuing uniforms to the WAVES. It gives the girls, instead, a clothing allowance.

The mighty 45,000-ton U.S.S. Iowa is launched seven months ahead of schedule.

This first class of 28 officer candidates includes four former deans of women's colleges, eight department store executives and Irene Rich's daughter, Frances.

At Fort Des Moines, 436 Army WAACS had completed OCS and were already sworn in by two surprised generals as "Third Officers," corresponding to our second lieutenants. Major Gen. J. A. Ulio, the Adjutant General, and Major Gen. Frederick E. Uhl of the Seventh Service Command were amazed as the girls passed in review. "When the first company came by," General Ulio said, "I felt like applauding instead of saluting. Many of our soldiers would do well to emulate them." Said Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, the WAAC director, "Weren't they wonderful?"

Only eight of the 444 WAAC officer candidates didn't make it. Four flunked the academic requirements, one didn't pass the physical and three others got in there by clerical mistake, much to their surprise. The new third officers stayed on at Fort Des Moines for two more weeks of schooling. Then some will remain as instructors, others will go to Army camps and a few may join the A.E.F. in England.

Labor Day was also a welcome day of rest for dozens of men facing fall election. Thomas E. Dewey who had won the Republican nomination for governor in New York was one. He will oppose Jim Farley's Democratic candidate, John J. Bennett, Jr., of Brooklyn. Texas Democrats nominated (practically the same as elected) W. Lee ("Pass The Biscuits, Pappy") O'Daniel for a six-year senate term by a close margin over James V. Allred. In the California primaries, State Attorney General Earl Warren running on a non-partisan ticket for governor swept up all the republican votes and also gave the present governor, Culbert L. Olson, a stiff battle in the Democratic race. Roy G. Owens, head of the old Ham and Eggs movement, also ran in the Democratic primary

People Back Home—

Bloomfield, Ind.—Red-haired Mrs. Dexter Days, 19, was strolling through the woods. An unidentified hunter spied her auburn tresses and let loose with a shotgun blast that sent Mrs. Days to a hospital with 53 shot pellets in her body. She had been mistaken for a squirrel.

Duncan, Okla. — Yellow Basket, blooded mare, foaled twin colts. The owner named one of them Tisket, the other Tasket. Naturally.

Baton Rouge, La.—Rep. Anthony Jennings introduced in the State House of Representatives a bill providing a graduated income tax on bachelors. Range: from 10 per cent for those between 30 and 40 to 50 per cent on those over 60.

New York—Mrs. N. F. Allman was in Shanghai when the Japs came. She was aboard the Swedish exchange liner Gripsholm when it docked here. Between the Japs and the customs officers she thought she'd been asked all the questions in the book until an FBI agent cornered her before she walked down the gangplank. "Madame," he asked, "do you wish to return to the United States?"

Russellville, Ark.—R. H. Barnett hid $102.66 in his kitchen stove for summer safekeeping. The other day he wanted a pot of coffee. Now he has 66 cents.

Redlands, Cal.—A ranchman, worried about the nightly loss of watermelons on his place, called hunter Carl Hart. Hart caught four coyotes and one small boy. Coyotes don't eat watermelons.

Camp Livingston, La.—During prior hitches in the Army from 1930 to 1938, John W. Prince carried rifle No. 896732. When selective service put him back in uniform here, Private J. W. P. walked into the supply room to draw a rifle. He drew No. 896732.

Ware, Mass. — The preacher got his draft questionnaire. When he came to the space for a description of his work, he wrote: "teach, preach, marry and bury."

Omaha, Neb.—While her husband is in the Army, Mrs. Alyce Considine has been running his restaurant back home. She got word he was coming in on furlough and the next day a sign was on the locked door: "Closed all day Wednesday. Frank is here."

Boise, Idaho—Democratic Nominee Glen H. Taylor, who did most of his campaigning the way grand-dad used to do, listed the following campaign expenses: Oats for horse, 95 cents; two shoeing jobs for same, $9.

Sebring, Fla.—The county jailer reported that five women prisoners beat him with a broom and escaped.

New York, N. Y.—Sam Boston, who made his bundle gambling, betting as much as $50,000 on the turn of a card, was pulled in on a vagrancy charge, having no visible means of support. His sentence: to bet no more than $2.50 on anything at one time. He'll appeal.

Lewiston, Mont.—The "Democrat-News" carried this classified ad: "The party who has been throwing bed bugs sealed in envelopes on the porch of my house is known and is requested to refrain from further such conduct."

Los Angeles, Cal.—Mrs. Leonidas Gray won a divorce on charges that her husband hit her on the head

with a 15-inch mackerel and tried to mow down her father with a lawnmower.

Memphis, Tenn.—A mattress repair concern cut open a customer's mattress to renovate it. Inside they found a jar of sugar. The owner had not complained of lumpiness.

Providence, R. I.—After denying he stole a $125 diamond ring from a girl in a cafe, Raymond Default complained of a pain, got six months in jail when an X-ray showed the ring in his stomach.

Spartanburg, S. C.—Veterinarian M. R. Blackstock warned farmers not to let their cows commit suicide by gulping down razor blades, nails, glass, money. Cows can't resist shiny objects, he said.

Chicago—Mrs. Rose Marie Campbell filed for divorce. The complaint that won her freedom: That Mr. Campbell refused to allow her to go out in the street and play with girls her own age. Mrs. Campbell is 16.

Binghamton, N. Y. — Responding to a distress flag fluttering from its pole atop an aircraft spotters' shanty, police found three volunteer spotters—two women and a man—marooned in the small hut. Outside was an angry bull that had butted through a fence surrounding the station.

Chicago, Ill. — When a Victory Committee announced that he had offered to buy a $25,000 bond if Hedy Lamarr would kiss him, Titus Haffa, a businessman, denied it, emphatically. "She would have to buy a $25,000 bond before I would even consider kissing her."

Boston, Mass.—Greek-born Yoryis Yakalis, noted violinist who is a White House favorite, joined the Marines, quipped: "I'd like to fiddle while the Axis burns."

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Frances Gifford is Tarzan's new mate.

for governor but only received 27,976 votes.

Gypsy Rose Lee spent Labor Day with her new husband, Actor Alexander Kirkland. The honeymoon was postponed because they both happen to be working at the moment on Broadway, she in "Star and Garter" and he in "Junior Miss."

The Dairy Farmers Union, with 22,000 members in New York, Vermont and Pennsylvania, dissolved and joined the CIO's United Dairy Farmers Division, District 50, affiliated with John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers.

The OPA ordered all rented typewriters manufactured since 1935 back to their agencies so they can be used by the government and the armed forces. Frances Gifford was selected in Hollywood as Tarzan's girl friend for another series of pictures about the ape man.

The Dixie Flagler, crack coach streamliner of the Chicago and Illinois Railroad, tore up 200 yards of track near Clinton, Ind., when a master pin loosened and dropped the drive shaft against the ties but only two train crewmen were injured. The Office of Defense Transportation took rigid control of the taxi business, prohibiting cruising, limiting speed, and restricting cab operations to persons now owning them.

F.B.I. men, Army and Navy intelligence officers and State Department sleuths searched the Swedish exchange ship, Gripsholm, with a fine comb from stem to stern when it arrived in New York with Ambassador Joseph Grew and other American refugees from Japan. They found no enemy agents like Herbert Bahr, the Gestapo spy now awaiting a possible death penalty, who earlier had tried to sneak into the country with exchange refugees from Germany.

Mitzi Green, the former child actress, married an actor-director named Joseph Pevney. Lyle Talbot applied for the Air Force. Dun & Bradstreet reported a rise in the sales activities in both wholesale and retail markets during the past week and Mrs. Elinore M. Herrick, regional director of the National Labor Relations Board, quit her job to direct personnel and labor problems for the Todd Shipyards.

Representative May of Kentucky, chairman of the House military affairs committee, said he was dropping his opposition to the drafting of 18 and 19 year olds but recommended that boys of that age should get at least six months training. Secretary Stimson announced that the Army was lifting the enlistment age limit from 45 to 50.

Pasquale Caterina of Belmont, Mass., an employee in the Watertown Arsenal, was awarded $30 for making a suggestion about the finishing of slush brush staves for cleaning the bores of large guns. His idea will save the Arsenal six dollars a day.

A president of a German social club in New Jersey, who told the F.B.I. that the Nazi Party was a splendid organization and it was "his tough luck" to be in the U. S., was interned at Ellis Island. Swift's Chicago plant said that it has added 400 women workers to take the place of drafted males.

America's Still The Home of the Brave

EN ROUTE TO THE CALIFORNIA DESERT MANEUVERS—The Home Front has been my beat ever since I came to Yank. This week, speeding across the very heart of America, I have seen that Home Front in action.

I saw it in the smoking factories of Pennsylvania and Ohio. I saw it in the limitless cornfields of Iowa and Kansas. I saw it in the fat cow rubbing her sides against a fat corn silo in Texas. In the huge pile of old automobile tires outside of Massilon, Ohio. In the gleaming bodies of new Flying Fortresses lined up in battle formation at a Kansas City airfield.

I see it even now in the isolated ranches of the sun-tortured Arizona desert.

But, most of all, I saw the American Home Front in action right here in the narrow confines of my railroad train as it sped across the continent from New York to California.

The little old fellow in the soiled blue shirt, for instance.

"I've been a printer for 22 years," he said. "Four kids and two grandchildren. In the last war I was wounded three times. Yesterday, I closed up the print shop. I'm going out to San Diego; I'm going to enlist in the Marines."

The fresh-looking pianist from Cleveland was on her way to see her husband at Fort Ord, Cal.

"He's in the hospital there," she said. "Nothing serious but it'll hold him for a few weeks before he goes overseas. At least I'll be with him for awhile, and after he goes—well, these hands ought to be good enough to get me a job in an airplane factory."

The colonel was on sick leave, recovering from wounds received in a German air raid on Plymouth in England. "This war is just like the last," he said, "if you get through the first three months, you don't get killed. You learn to duck at the right time."

The slender dark girl in slacks was going home to Los Angeles.

"My conscience bothers me," she said, "drawing flowers on birthday greeting cards in Cincinnati. But now I've got a job in the Wilmington shipyards just as soon as I finish my course in welding."

The 17-year-old blond boy in blue denims had just enlisted in the Navy.

"Daddy and I finished with the wheat harvest the day before yesterday," he said. "Reckon he won't be needin' me till after I get back from Berlin."

The skinny corporal in the wheelchair was on his way from Hawaii to the hospital at Fort Bliss.

"I hope they don't keep me out there too long," he said. "My outfit's liable to pull out without me."

The group of Japanese kids were under guard on their way to an internment camp in New Mexico.

The young girl sewing the sergeant's chevrons on her young husband's shirt, the group of Air Force recruits looking like a college football team; the young colored lieutenant who was once a Rhodes scholar on his way to Fort Huachuca to assume his first command; the World War I veterans fighting among themselves on who was going to buy the drinks for the soldiers; the young kids in slacks going to California to work; the Army wives knitting bravely in the narrow confines of a railroad train speeding across their continent.

I have seen America at war.

—SGT. BILL DAVIDSON

Helena, Mont.—Authorities estimate the Montana big game surplus could feed 5,000,000 soldiers for two months without touching the basic herd stock of elk, deer, bear and antelope roaming Federal game preserves.

San Diego, Cal.—Mrs. B. F. Raynes, USO secretary, was worried when relaxing soldiers refused to read women's magazines lying about the place. So she cut up the copies, pasted articles in scrap books and avoided identifying their source. She is pleased to report the system works.

Washington, Pa.—Charles B. Hunt, 66, confessed poisoner of 15 or more dogs in the community, shot and killed his German police dog Beauty and then took his own life. He had admitted an "uncontrollable desire" to poison animals by throwing doctored sausages out of his car as he drove along the street.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A 16-gauge shotgun was reported missing from the information desk at Aimee Semple McPherson's Angelus Temple.

Chicago—Jitterbugging is out for the duration because USO floor space is too crowded to permit it, predicts the National Association of Dancing Masters convening here. The masters see a new birth of the square dance, however. Meanwhile jitterbugs continue to jitterbug.

Columbus, Ga.—Ernest Pershing Rasberry stood it as long as he could, finally petitioned the court to shorten it to Berry.

Sherman Oaks, Calif.—Everybody in the Lawrence Furniss family except the cat is helping the war effort. Mr. Furniss is an Army draft engineer; Mrs. Furniss has volunteered for the WAVES; their daughter, Mrs. Carl Goodell, is a WAAC; her husband is in the Navy; John Furniss, 19, saw action at Pearl Harbor; David, 15, is an auxiliary police messenger. Micky, the family's police dog, is registered for Army service.

White Plains, N. Y.—City schools clamped down on sororities and Greek-letter societies by barring student members from all extracurricular school activities.

Elkhart, Ind.—Kenneth N. Kress, 43-year-old draftee, left for his induction station. His two grandchildren came down to see him off.

Kansas City—Herman Westhoff, vacationing postman, walked three miles to the filling station to pay his gasoline bill. He couldn't use his car because the tires had given out.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—In town for an American Legion convention, a roisterer approached a mild looking woman shopper, splashed her with water from his squirt gun. Wheeling quickly, she whipped out a water gun of her own, unsmilingly sprayed the Legionnaire full in the face.

"BY THE RIGHT FLANK!"

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ort Sill'll Be Proud

MRS. AMERICA? Representing Brooklyn, N. Y., at the Mrs. America Beauty Contest, Palisades Park, N. J., is Mrs. Ruth Bass whose husband is a GI. hopeful who's attending the officer candidate school at Fort Sill, Okla.

MOVING OUT. Some Yanks from "Down Under" wait to board a troop as though they have a long way to go, but they can't go

VIVA IL BEEF! These Italians got tired of fighting for the Duce, so they stopped at a British prison camp, where they could get American canned beef for free.

SMOKED IN. This half-track, framed by billows of white smoke, makes a d picture as its crew tries to hide it during a problem on recer Army maneuvers in Louisiana. The crew is concentrating hard on an attack from tr

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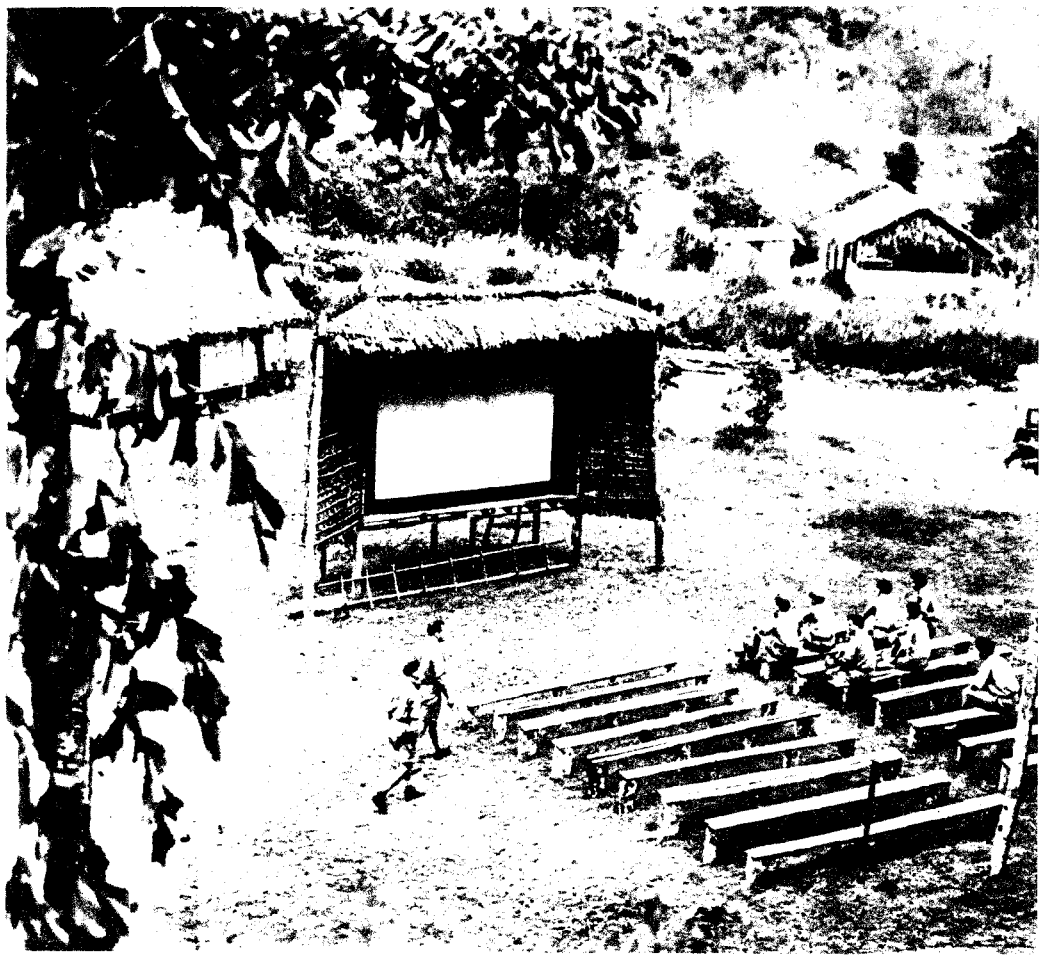
train which is heading for an undisclosed destination. With trucks on board it looks so far to get in on this season's Jap hunting. They say it's going to be a good one too.

Is it two in, or two out, of step? Anyway, the main thing is that these four administrative officers of the Navy's WAVES are showing their newly created uniforms. Land or sea, those Navy girls will go far, dressed like that

WE'LL TAKE ONE Hollywood's Jane Wyman and Carole Landis have the tickets for the premiere party of the Hollywood Canteen.



MUSIC HALL In this New Guinea open air theatre, U.S. soldiers can relax after beating up the Japs. New Guinea natives built screen, benches and the huts in the background. Dietrich looks wonderful in the open, too

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THE POETS CORNERED

Nor all your piety and wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line.
Omar K., Pfc. 1st Pyramidal Tent Co.

MY FRIEND GARAND

I'm told the rifle is a man's best friend,
To have and hold until the bitter end.
The dog was once the only candidate
That you could count on to protect your fate.
But now it seems my rifle is to be
My dog, my confidant, my family.

My rifle is a friend, I must agree,
But how it could bake pies I cannot see—
The sergeant told me if I had to choose
Twixt mother and my rifle that she'd lose.
Now lately I've been spending much time thinking.
Just when my rifle might prevent my drinking.

Pfc. John Hay

GOVERNMENT ISSUE

There are at least five hundred things
For which we stand in line
Though I can but remember
One hundred twenty-nine—
G.I. shoes to blister my feet,
G.I. comb to keep hair neat,
G.I. shad for the social elite,
Hep-Hep-Government Issue.

G.I. socks to warm my toes.
G.I. rag to blow my nose,
G.I. chaplains to share my woes,
Hep-Hep-Government Issue.

G.I. sunrise, rosy-pink,
G.I. shower, G.I. sink,
G.I. soap 'cause Gee, I stink,
Hep-Hep-Government Issue.

But all we want is a G.I. girl,
With a G.I. smile and a G.I. curl,
And a G.I. gleam in her G.I. eye,
Hep-Hep-Government Issue.

Pvt. Bob Stuart McKnight
Kessler Field, Miss.

ASSIGNMENT—BY THE NUMBERS

Before the war I practiced law,
And argued points much mooted,
Now this is how the Army saw
I'd end up where best suited.

For ten hot days I chopped the trees,
And strung my nether ham.
I cut my arms and skinned my knees.
Did my sergeant give a damn?

In the sun I mixed concrete,
Used to floor a new latrine,
I think it would be more discreet
To use not me but a machine.

Yesterday I joined the "line".
There we service all the planes.
I must have acted mighty fine—
For now I'm washing window panes.

Tonight I walk interior guard.
And watch the hangars and the planes.
To swim my post would not be hard.
It's full of holes; it always rains.

Pfc. Joseph L. Abraham
Greenville Flying School, Miss.

MAIL CALL

DEAR YANK:

To give you some idea of how things occasionally work out, I find myself (after more than five months) an X-Ray technician in the hospital here. This assignment fell my way after an over-enthusiastic classification clerk confused the words *Radio Script* with *Radio Engineer*, which is as close as you can come to X-Ray tubes unless you are going to quibble and call them Roentgen Ray, etc. Anyway, I'm happy. How's your tibia?

PFC. EDWARD FLEISCHER
Fort Eustis, Virginia

DEAR YANK:

I'm not much of a reader or writer either, but one pay day soon after the copy of the YANK came out, I happened to glance through it and since then it's the only Soldier's paper for me.

PVT. HENRY HAJEK

DEAR YANK:

At last the boys of the service have a publication that is informative as well as entertaining in respect to their environment. Thank you for the inauguration of a paper that is 100% American.

PVT. CHARLES C. DUNN
Camp Wheeler, Ga.

DEAR YANK:

I consider YANK a very progressive force—a great benefit to a democratic Army.

PVT. RICHARD NICKSON
Denver, Colo.

DEAR YANK:

Please accept a hearty "Bravo" from one more enlisted man for the swell job on YANK. More than anything, it seems, the publication will serve to bring about a powerful degree of unity and fraternity among "the boys." Through it they will become firmer "belongers" to one cause, one command and one grand country.

PFC. ARTHUR SLUTSKY

DEAR YANK:

Pvt. Holcomb's letter about payday twice a month sounds good to me. The Navy gets paid twice a month, so why shouldn't we? Haven't we all got the same job?

CPL. BOB CARR
Camp Edwards, Mass.

DEAR YANK:

There are a few things I would like to straighten you out on. First—the beer here. It's strong, heavy beer, that the boys from the States are not accustomed to and shouldn't drink, but try and stop them. Second—the whisky. Some stuff, a fellow might just as well drink plain alcohol. Unless I can get some good old U.S. liquor I will consider myself in a dry state. Third—your title, "Jitterbugs Shake Ould Sod." I admit they try hard, but personally I would rather sit and watch the

Irishmen dance. They have a way of dancing and special routines for different numbers that really catch the eye. It's comical as all hell to see a G.I. dogface doing an Irish number. The substitute for hamburgers here is fish and chips, sausage and chips. I want a hunk of cow.

CPL. JOHN J. SORGIE
Northern Ireland

DEAR YANK:

In your issue of July 22 I came across an item about the jitterbugs in Australia and how G.I. Jive was born. I'd like to take this opportunity to tell you that we over here are no slouches when it comes to being "hep cats." We're on the beam, and we certainly do appreciate all the programs you arrange for us. Incidently, every Sunday when we draw our rations, YANK is just as important as our beer—and that's going some.

PVT. ED COFEIL
Northern Ireland

DEAR YANK:

I'm an unimportant buck private who has not yet seen action, so I claim no credit. Even if I had been in a major battle, I would still think that proper credit is minor and that victory is the one important thing. It doesn't matter whether the Army, Navy or Marine Corps does the job. Right now, it seems to me, there's too much distinction between the branches of the service.

Service men of the various branches pretend to be jealous of each other, which is silly. I, for one, don't care if the Marines or the Navy get more credit than the Army. If they deserve it, praise 'em to the skies.

PVT. CARL MCCLUNG
Alaska

DEAR YANK:

We at this post are proud you mentioned some of our units in your issue of July 29, and we also want to thank you for printing news of our buddies in New Caledonia. We—the officers and men—all hope and pray that they will come out on top. I am just an old soldier and I like the spirit of the men here and the way they are taking things. I was once in Manila, and I wish I had been there when things were hot.

PVT. ARTHUR COVE
Alaska

DEAR YANK:

The first copy of YANK to hit Australia was a good paper, the best ever about the armed forces. I must confess, though, that I was disappointed. There was not one reference in your June 17th issue to the Air Force, and we feel slighted. We are, as you may have heard, *very much* in this war. So, on behalf of a group of the troops, I'd like to ask you: Who the hell do you think has been dropping bombs all over the earth and shooting down enemy fighters? The 15th Messkit Brigade or the Army Air Force?

SGT. GEORGE W. GUNN
Australia

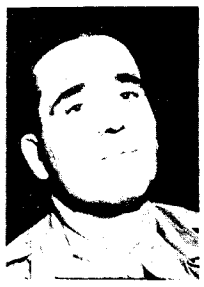
The Air Force wasn't in the June 17th issue, but it's damn near monopolized a couple since.

Words Across the Sea

The first thing **Pvt. Edward Coughlin** wants to make clear is that the

Brooks will not only outlast the Cards in the National League pennant race, but will lick the Yankees in the Series. After getting that off his chest he wants a message to go to Cpl. John Kelley from his hometown of Brighton, Mass. Kelley's somewhere in Australia. "Hiyah, John. Hope to see you soon," Ed says. "Mary Kelliher is swell. Going home soon and will say hello for you."

Pvt. Francis Callahan hails from Malden, Mass. Right now Pvt.



Callahan is clerking in an A.P.O. He wants to get off a message to his home-town pal, Pvt. Ralph L. Carroll, with a Field Artillery outfit somewhere in Australia: "Best luck. I'm taking care of things up in Wakefield." What kinda things he doesn't say.

Pvt. Hugh Andrews is a "Down Easter" from Westbrook, Maine.

His message goes to a fellow soldier, Pfc. Edgar B. Lavarre of Cynthia, Ky. To Pfc. Lavarre, now somewhere in England getting ready to take a stroll Berlinwards, Hugh says, "Take care of Thornhill. Take care of yourself and take care of a few Nazis too, but not in the same way."

Pfc. Moo Lee, a sharp looking soldier if there ever was one, was

born in Hawaii. Now Moo is driving a half-track for the Fightin' Twelfth Engineers. Moo says hello to all the pals he knows in foreign service, but most particularly to Pfc. Andy Protosky who was inducted with him. To Andy, Moo says, "All gang say 'Hello, Andy.' Best of luck from all them and me." Last Moo heard of Andy, he was somewhere in the vicinity of Burma. Moo bets he's rough on Japs.

Cpl. Henry Berman is a New York City boy who's doing his hitch with

the Paratroopers in Georgia. He has two cousins who haven't seen him since he was a humble private and he wants them to get the news of his promotion. To Pvt. Dave Berman, a clerk somewhere in England and to Pvt. Hi Berman, a tailor in the Caribbean goes the good word. Write Cpl. Berman your congratulations.

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YANK THE ARMY NEWSPAPER
SEPT. 9, 1942
VOL 1, NO 13
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
By the men . . for the men in the service

Our Own Hit Parade

The Marines in World War I went into battle singing "We'll hang the Kaiser on a sour apple tree."

The Tommies marched into Tobruk singing "We're off to see the Wizard, the wonderful Wizard of Oz."

The Doughboys in France went up to the trenches singing "Good morning, Mr. Zip Zip Zip, with your hair cut just as short as mine."

The British in battle dress waited to cross the Channel, and they sang "Roll out the barrel, and we'll have a barrel of fun."

Last week a new crop of Marines came back from the tiny island of Makin where, under veteran Lt. Col. Evans Fordyce Carlson, they had raided a Jap seabase and destroyed everything in sight.

They are a tough bunch of kids, averaging 21, and they like to sing.

Like all good fighters, they like to sing about themselves—a time-honored privilege. So one of them composed a battle song for "Carlson's Raiders" and rhymed it to fit with the tune of "Ivan Shavinsky Shavar" . . . (Oh the sons of the Prophet are brave men and bold, and quite unaccustomed to fear . . .).

It runs like this, the first battle chant of American men in arms during this war:

"In the memory of men there were those who were brave,
And fought like heroes of old;
But none of the fame who carry the name
Of Carlson's raiders so bold.

"They were gathered from near and were gathered from far,
They were picked from the best in the land,
A hell-raising crew that sailed the blue,
Was Carlson's raider band.

"They carry machine guns, like pistols, they say,
And a knife that was tempered in hell,
And the raiders all claim no mortal by name
Could use them one quarter so well.

"They whisper of raiders who gamble with death,
And fought like the demons of old
And those who were there are willing to swear,
By Carlson's raiders so bold.

"They will sing of the sailor and soldier I know
And tell of the deeds that were done,
But Carlson's raiders will sing for themselves
And tell how the battle was won.

"So here's to the raider who stands by his flag,
Who offers his life for his land,
Who marches to fame with pride in the name
Of Carlson's raiders band."

NAPOLEON: "THEY'RE FIGHTING MEN, CAESAR, WHEN THEY SING"

A Few Items That Require No Editorial Comment . . .

Just Too, Too Divine!

The Japanese newspaper Nichi Nichi runs an article this week, discussing alleged Japanese atrocities. "The Anglo-American plutocracies just do not understand," laments Nichi Nichi. "There are several degrees of 'atrocities.' Our 'atrocities' are **divine** atrocities, committed in the interests of the Empire, and must therefore be excused."

Free As in Blindfolded

In announcing the appointment of Dr. Otto Georg Thierack as Reich Minister of Justice this week, Adolf Hitler said, "Dr. Thierack will have complete freedom in developing a National Socialist system of justice."

"He will," continued the Fuehrer, "act according to instructions and general directions by myself."

Yes, All in Fun

"Pay no attention to Brazil's declaration of war," said the Rome Radio to the Italian people. "This is just another cheap publicity stunt of the plutocratic democracies.

"Everyone who has studied geography knows that Brazil is one of the provinces of the United States, and therefore already in the war a long time ago."

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Almost, Not Quite

The Berlin Radio issued a bulletin on August 25, in which the exploits of a German lieutenant were recounted at great length. It seems that in the Allied raid on Dieppe last week, the lieutenant, assisted by four soldiers from a German anti-aircraft crew, is reported to have captured a group of 225 Canadians.

"This deed," said the Berlin Radio with a touch of respect in its voice, "is almost as phenomenal as the exploit of the American hero, Sergeant York, in the last war."

They're Backward People

One day last week, according to President Roosevelt, the Germans held a special screening of a new Nazi propaganda film in Oslo, Norway. The picture was one of those beautiful things which featured children of the occupied territories kissing Nazi hands in gratitude, etc.

One sequence showed a German supply ship unloading food at a Norwegian port.

"Stop the film," yelled one Norwegian in the audience, "You're running it backwards."

Can't a Nazi Change Her Mind?

The Berlin Radio had a devil of a time trying to report the Dieppe raid to the German people on August 19.

At 9 A. M. it said, "The raid is a token invasion."

At 11 A. M. it said, "The raid is not a token invasion. It is a test of German defenses."

At 3 P. M. it said, "The raid is not a test of German defenses. It is really a gesture of Churchill's despair."

At 4 P. M. it said, "The raid can only be described as an insane venture of the madman, Roosevelt."

Makes Our Mouth Water

A public pronouncement issued by the German commandant in the Dutch town of Heilo, says "It is outrageous that a Dutchman who has returned from glorious combat on the Russian battlefield should be repeatedly spat upon. If such provocations do not cease, the strongest measures will be taken."

What's the Difference?

The German newpaper Die Zeitung reports that the Nazi espionage system is being completely reorganized because of the failure of the system in Russia and the United States. "The reorganization is being carried out," said the paper, "by executing the defective personnel—or dispatching them to active duty on the Russian Front."

Never Trust a Sugar-Daddy

The British Broadcasting Corporation reports an interesting deal consumated recently between the Nazi Government and Pierre Laval. Instead of paying the French in money for a shipment of 88 millimeter guns manufactured in a factory near Lyon, the Germans agreed to ship a certain quantity of sugar into Unoccupied France.

The guns went to Germany. The sugar went to France. But on its way through Paris, the German authorities decided that the sugar must be confiscated as a measure of "state security." As a further measure of "state security," the Germans then sold the sugar themselves to the French people for 4.50 francs per kilogram.

Brother Laval did all right.

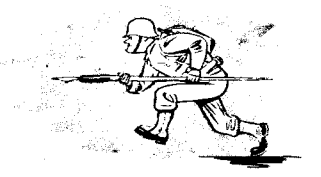
The little deal only cost the French government 18,000,000 francs.

Hitler Paints Signs, Too

In a dispatch from Melbourne, an Australian airman told how scores of Italian prisoners were captured in the recent Egyptian fighting. They were picked up in the desert, wandering around with little signs bearing the inscription, "Please take me prisoner."

The signs were later found to be the handiwork of a repatriated barber from Chicago named Abruzzi who charged his comrades 100 lire apiece for doing the job. Abruzzi incidentally, was wearing one of his signs himself.

YANK is published weekly by the Enlisted Men of the U. S. Army, and is for sale only to those in the Armed Services.



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BETWEEN the LINES

Troop Movement Departure

Our TMD roster had been posted on the Platoon bulletin board almost two minutes before the first rumor double-timed through the barrack concerning our destination. It was started by Sabre-Toothed Charley, who was still hoping to be the first in our training Platoon to know something. For no reason at all except that he had heard of the place and could spell it he whispered out of the side of his mouth to Kzeckiewcz that we were bound for Ohio.

Told the roster was up, Ace Mihaelic said sure, his friend at Post Headquarters had tipped him off two weeks ago it was going to be posted today and he knew where we were going and that was Florida and that went for everybody whose name was listed except him because he was such a valuable man the motor pool was going to put in a last-minute request he be kept here and be made a top sergeant or something and if anybody wanted him he was going to the supply room to call for his laundry.

Nobody could ever understand Ace because he talked so fast so everybody still thought maybe we were going to Ohio—and one fellow even started to wonder what for.

Tex Summers, long-jawed and wart-necked, strolled in. Tex worked in the supply room. He had been right on rumors twice before, once when he told us we were going to be paid and once about typhoid shots. Tex told Wallingham "We's aheadin' fo' Mass'chusetts." He met Butler on the stairs and opined our TMD "*might* be goin' to G'orgia." While borrowing Epstein's toothpaste, he volunteered the information that we "*could*" go to New York.

At chow everyone was in a state of confusion. One fellow hoped we were not going to be sent overseas because he had not yet discovered a shoe polish with which he could get good results. Another hoped we were going to Indiana because that would be in the state next to his home, which was in Buffalo.

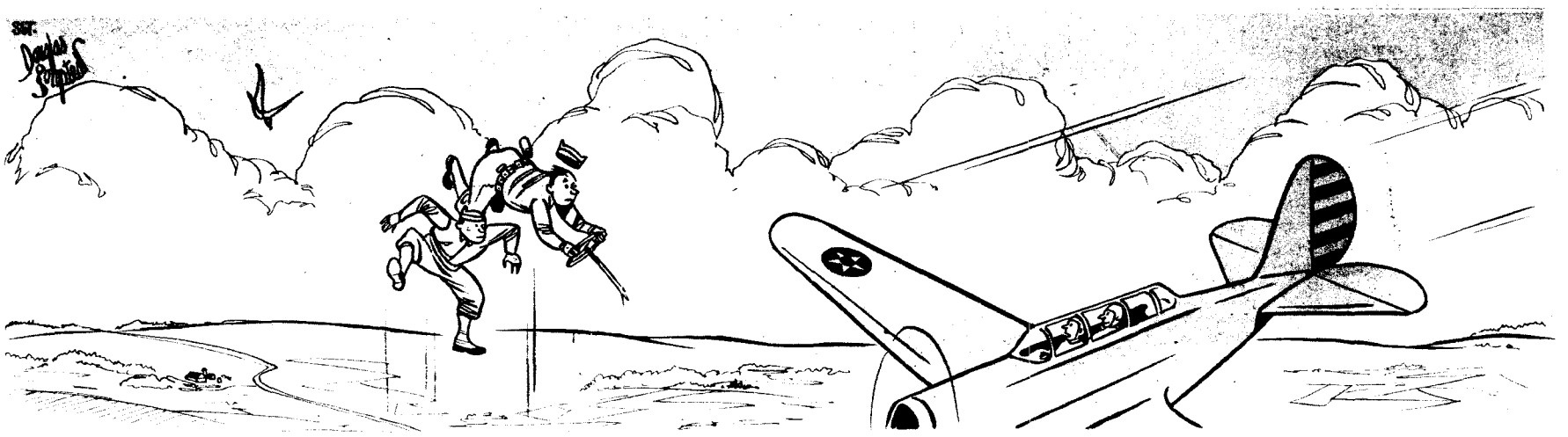
By 8:30 one-fourth of the states had been mentioned as possible destinations, 27 as probable destinations, and eight had been insisted upon positively, with some gnashing of teeth and one fist fight. Nobody mentioned Idaho because nobody thought of it. The only fellow who mentioned Utah lived in Salt Lake City.

Nearly one week later, blackened by cinders but inspired by our glimpses of transcontinental scenery, we alit on an Idaho station platform. Everyone whose name had been on the bulletin board was along, including Ace Mihaelic.

But Ace was the only one in the Platoon who insisted he had not been surprised. Not in the slightest. His friend at Post Headquarters had tipped him off where we were going three weeks ago. He had never even considered anywhere else.

PVT. EDWIN A. GROSS
601 Engr. Bm.

"Get on the ball, sister—this ain't Bonwit Teller's, y'know!"



"Must be some tough terrain down below—that's the second jeep outfit I've seen today!"

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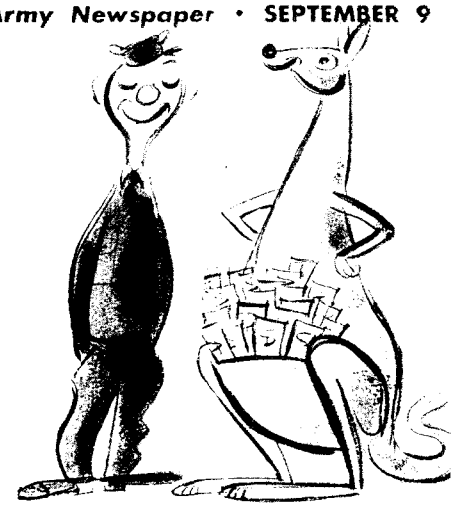
Financial Notes Down Under



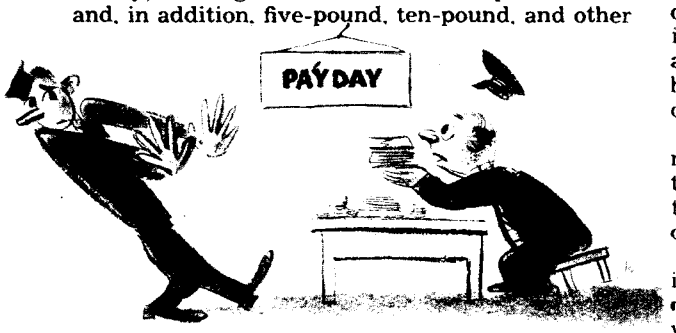
SOMEWHERE IN AUSTRALIA—Somebody dug deep down into his wallet the other night while we were sitting around a campfire and pulled out a worn and folded five-dollar bill he had been saving to spend the first night we get back to California.

We all gazed at this strange-looking money with wonder; we haven't seen any American money in the last three months, not since we gave away our last pennies and nickels to small Australian boys who have been inspired by the presence of American soldiers down under to start collections of our native coinage.

When we first arrived we were hopelessly confused by the Australian monetary system, and when buying anything that involved our receiving change would trust the change-maker to give us approximately the correct amount. Now we can count expertly in pounds, shillings, and pence, and if shortchanged even a ha'penny's worth would detect the deficiency as readily as an inspector checking a supply roster.

When we arrived, too, both Australian and American cash was legal tender, but the few dollars we had in our possession rapidly disappeared, and from that time on we have dealt exclusively in Aussie money. Even our Finance Department now has nothing to do with dollars and cents (except in the reports it is required to submit to the War Department in terms of them), and any soldier who happens to receive a sawbuck in the mail from home can convert it into negotiable coins only by taking it to a bank.

The Australian pound note, worth a little over three dollars, is the standard piece of paper money, although there are also half-pound notes and, in addition, five-pound, ten-pound, and other



. . . *"But I haven't used up last month's yet!"*

bills of denominations too astronomical for us to bother with.

The coins run down to the half-penny, or ha'penny, a heavy bit of copper only slightly smaller than the penny, a token of monstrous proportions with a kangaroo embossed on one side—tails, of course.

The tiniest coin is the three-penny piece, considerably less than a dime in size. We rarely use this in normal exchanges of money, such as gambling, since its diminutive dimensions make it far too easy to lose somewhere between the time it is thrown and the time it lands in the pot.

Our standard gambling coin, actually, is the florin, a two-shilling affair worth about thirty-five cents, that has more or less supplanted the quarter as our usual wagering unit. The fact that a sizable number of florins is worth a good deal more than the same number of quarters has caused some distress among unlucky gamblers, who, after losing what by American standards would amount to, say, ten dollars, find that in cold cash they have parted with the equivalent of fourteen dollars.

There has been a tendency, too, to regard the pound in the heat of battle as being about the same as a dollar, even though three pounds equal ten dollars. That sort of thing often turns a simple side bet into a grave financial issue.

There is, of course, a secondary use to which money can be put; buying things. Many of the odds and ends we would like to obtain in towns can be bought only by presenting coupons, and accordingly we've been issued twenty-five apiece—enough, one sergeant figured out the other day, to purchase four sets of cotton underdrawers to supplement his G.I. ration, and to have one coupon left over.

We're further defeated in our efforts to spend all we earn by the astonishingly low prices of

"They say he has a rich uncle in Australia."

many of the items that look appealing in shop windows. A jigger of Scotch, for instance, though rarely to be seen in shop windows and now limited in availability even behind bars, costs only a shilling, a mere matter of sixteen and a half cents. A steak dinner, with trimmings, costs two and six—forty-five cents. A large bottle of milk costs three pence—less than a nickel.

As a last straw, we're now being paid so much, by comparison to our training camp days, that our pockets are frequently unaccustomedly bulging with money, and many of us are ashamed to admit, on the eve of a new Pay Day, that we still have a couple of pounds left over from the last one.

Promoting a small loan on the 20th of the month is now not an impossibility, and as late as the 25th of the month one private has been heard to try to borrow five pounds from another without being laughed right off the chow line.

The abundance of money has led to substantial increases in allotments and to so many more soldiers' deposits than in the old days that the boys who work in Finance are spending long hours at their field desks toting up our savings.

Under the new pay scale plus overseas allotment, a married private who in the states earned thirty dollars now gets sixty, and if he allots twenty-two of that to his wife the government considerately kicks in with twenty-eight more. That gives his wife fifty dollars and leaves him with twenty-eight, practically as much as he had in the first place. It's a wonderful financial world. One sergeant-technician, shortly after he had finished manufacturing his stripes out of a set of master sergeant's chevrons he cut down to size—we have been issued no technicians' stripes, and wear ones of our own creation—found to his delight and surprise that he was able to send thirty pounds, or a cool hundred dollars, home to his family out of merely two months' savings.

"They used to send me money," he said. "And now here I am able to build up *their* morale."

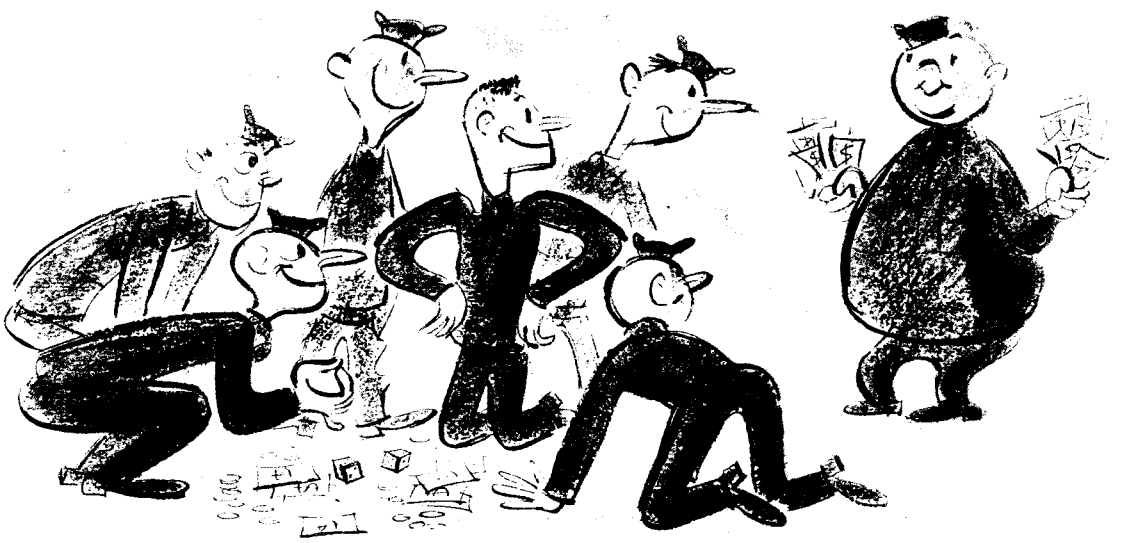
Pay Day, of course, is as big an event here as it ever was in the States. Our first Pay Day was a weird occasion since, still somewhat unfamiliar with the Australian money, many of us were not quite sure whether we were getting too little, too much, or maybe even the proper amount. A few brave souls, after some lengthy computation, concluded that they had been underpaid, and, after complaining to suitable authorities, found to their delight that they had been. Payments were readjusted satisfactorily.

A few other souls, equally brave, figured on the backs of their pay envelopes that they'd been overpaid, and said not a word about it to anyone. The Finance Office of our outfit is operating smoothly now, and, with the aid of involved conversion tables, never makes any more mistakes.

Its task is somewhat simplified by the fact that, regardless of the day to day relative values of the pound and the dollar, Finance arbitrarily holds the pound worth $3.228. This represents a slight drop in pay for us, since two months ago Finance used the comparatively majestic figure of $3.237, but we are willing to take an agreeable view of this cut since, after all, the majority of us are now collecting twice as much as we used to despite it.

The most sensational of our thousands of new capitalists, probably, is a private who matter-of-factly turned over to Finance, after a recent Pay Day, the gigantic soldiers' deposit of $1,050, or rather its equivalent in crumpled pound notes. He admitted that it was not all pay; some of it, he said, had accumulated while he made fourteen successive passes. Nobody has yet released any statistics on how much our lucky corporals and sergeants are stuffing their mattresses with these opulent nights, but it undoubtedly isn't hay.

SGT. E. J. KAHN, JR.



"I heard this was a good place to pick up a few pounds."

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STRICTLY G.I.

Now It Gives Rank on Collars

Just when we were getting used to looking at shavetails' shoulders before slipping them a salute, along comes an order saying that from now on officers won't be wearing shoulder insignia on shirts and field jackets. Seems that they interfere with the use of gas masks, carbines and other equipment. For that matter, we imagine that there have also been times when they scratched the tender, amorous arms of young ladies. Hereafter, when you see an officer in a shirt coming toward you, give a look at his collar, because that's where his rank will be hanging these days.

We are in receipt of two communications relating to items recently published in this column. The first (1) comes from Geiger Field and has to do with a sergeant there who read our piece on Sgt. Kornblatt, the guy who changed his name to Kern because his platoon kept calling him "Cornstalk" and "Corncob." The Geiger Field sergeant, who seems to be a gay dog, wants us to know that rookies don't have to paraphrase *his* name. It's Woodhead. The second item (2) concerns itself with a rash statement we made about a 20-year-old in Alaska being the youngest topkick in the Army. Well, it turns out he isn't. The winner and new champeen is 1st Sgt. Edwin B. Browning of Hunter Field, who is 19.

At the request of his mess sergeant, Pvt. William Moore of Camp Roberts built a fly trap which he placed in an advantageous position near the mess hall. After the trap had been out two hours, they checked it to see what had been caught in the way of flies. What they found, however, was (a) no flies, (b) two mice. Moore's mess sergeant is now planning a mousetrap to catch flies.

More Dope on the Navy

All Naval officers in Washington are expected to leave calling cards at the White House . . . The three white stripes on a sailor's collar don't stand for a damned thing . . . The American Navy is the only one in the world that has never had a mutiny . . . Because he uses his right hand for piping officers over the side, the Bos'n is allowed to salute with his left hand . . . Despite anything else you may have thought, the name "poop-deck" comes from the ancient *pupi*, deified doll images formerly kept on the quarterdeck . . . During the last war white bow waves were painted on sluggish steamers, thus confusing U-Boat commanders as to their real speed . . . The torpedo packs 400 horsepower into a space the size of a nail keg.

Remember V-Mail

Space on ships and planes going overseas these days is very precious, and because of this the WD suggests that you inform your relatives to use V-Mail when writing to you. V-Mail blanks are available in 45,000 postoffices all over the U. S., and no matter where you are overseas it will reach you safely.

A new emergency ration, known by the Flash Gordon term of K-2, is now being tested on the sun-baked shores of California by tank men maneuvering in heat that has anything Libya can offer beat a mile. K-2, which occupies a space only six inches long, three wide and two thick, contains a can of fruit juice, five butts, candy, gum, and an assortment of canned meats, biscuits, powdered coffee and cocoa.

Cupid on the Cables

A dogface in Australia recently married his girl in Spokane by cable. He cabled her "Darling, will you marry me by cable? Today I, Benjamin Vaughn, take you, Eleanor Lucille Grandlund, to be my lawful wedded wife." His fiancee replied in kind. Bridesmaids were lacking, the bride threw no bouquet.

The Army is putting together a dictionary of military terms, and things have reached such a pretty pass lately that they've had to start asking you and me if we've heard anything they missed. They've got "Schwimmerflugzeug" (Heinie for "seaplane"), and they know what an "umbrella" is (a hell of a lot of planes), and they know that "to absail" is to slide down a rope. They'd like some more words, though, so if anyone can think of a few he might write the Language Section, Military Intelligence Service, M.I.D., War Department General Staff, 420 Whitehall Building, 17 Battery Place, New York City.

The Russell Enigma

For quite some time now the face and component parts of Miss Jane Russell have been expended on the inner covers of footlockers in Army camps from Hell, Md., to Breakfast, Oregon. Miss Russell, who appears to be a healthy girl of fairly epic proportions, is supposed to be an actress—to be exact, a moving picture actress—though this has never been proved. I must confess that I am rather curious about her.

I can quote from memory, I think, the dimensions of her calf, thigh, waist, etc., because they have been drilled into me like the manual of arms, but I am more than interested in her dramatic talent. Does she lisp when she says "But you don't understand"? In a highly emotional scene does she clench and unclench her bosom like Bette Davis? Does she try to up-stage her leading men? Can she bake a cherry pie?

I know, for instance, that Miss Russell, clad in shorts, can run through a field, because I have seen her do it in photographs. I know that she can balance herself on a diving board long enough to have her picture taken. I know, too, that she can hold a tennis racquet in one hand, because she has done it many times for the still cameramen. I realize that it takes some talent to do all these things, but I am still in the dark regarding her abilities as an actress.

Bless my soul, Miss Russell has put me in a rather embarrassing position. If I see her picture on a footlocker I can't very well say, "Oh, yes, she's a very good actress," since she's never been exhibited in a movie. I can't very well call her a model, for she isn't a model, strictly speaking. I can, of course, look at her picture and mumble something about how nice it is to be a growing boy, but a statement like that doesn't really solve anything. I'm afraid I'm stuck.

It is rumored that Miss Russell's first picture, now that it has been censored by everyone except the Ranee of Sarawak, will be shown very soon. If this is true, my problems may be cleared up in the near future. Until that time, though, I shall have to content myself with photographs of Miss Russell bouncing along, doing just the sort of thing that invariably shows up on the cover of a footlocker.

CPL. JOHN MCGINNIS

BOOKS IN WARTIME

Such Langwidge!

If the man at the Army Exchange tries to sell you a book on how to speak Japanese, pay him no mind. Go quietly down the counter and spend your money on beer.

A "quick, easy way to learn Japanese" is offered by Dr. William Montgomery McGovern in a textbook called "Colloquial Japanese." Reading the book, which is apparently a good text, will serve to convince you that the only answer to the problem is to civilize the Japanese and teach them to speak English.

In the first place, as Dr. McGovern himself tells, the Japanese speak four different kinds of ways. They have one sort of language to use when they're ordering groceries and running down the neighbors. They have another for use in writing letters. There's another to use when they're writing stories for the pulp magazines and still another for high-flown literary essays.

Flower, My Eye!

Besides all these, there is the court language, which is very, very pretty. Instead of coming right out and saying "shiwo" or "salt," they say "nani-wo-hana" or "flower of the waves," which sounds silly in Japanese and English alike. Then there's the oratorical language, which is what you'd imagine.

The little grinning heathens had only a spoken language until the Chinese taught them to read and write. Then they got fancy. They used the picture-writing of the Chinese and a sort of phonetic writing of their own. The phonetic still wasn't complicated enough, so they branched off into three subdivisions—running hand for official documents, stiff hand for all others, and Roman letters for people who're getting tired of drawing pictures.

The Roman letter method, which is merely Japanese written in English, would be popular with the Japanese except that there are too many sounds that mean the same damned thing. For instance, the word "e" can mean "eh?" "a picture" or "an inlet with a stream running into it."

Mimicking Monkeys

This makes things too complicated even for the Japanese. When talking with each other, sometimes they have to draw words in the air with their fingers. They often look like orangoutangs mimicking a Third Avenue cloak-and-suiter.

Dr. McGovern admits that the Japanese language has no grammar. When he admits that the Japanese have no language, we will close the argument.

They have no pronouns. A Nihonjin (Japanese for Japanese) never says "I." He refers to himself as servant, selfishness, self, this side, hither, junior or awkward person. The person he addresses is prince, that side, hon. front, elder, master, thither—or, if he's feeling sarcastic, august Mr.

To makes things simpler, he has a word "san," which means Mr., Master, Mrs. or Miss.

The Japanese at a Rotary Club meeting will approach the chief of police with "Hajimete o me ni kakrimasu," which should mean, "For the first time I have been able to catch your honorable eye." Translated literally, it says, "Beginning-to august eyes am-hanging," which is a helluva thing to say to the chief of police.

Hi Ya, Sister

He also addresses a waitress as "elder sister," which, if used over here, would mean that he'd wait longer for his order. Instead of asking, "Have you any tea?" he would say, "Tea exists?" An American "elder sister" would probably reply, "Yeah, and so does your pheasant's tongue, but it ain't on the menu."

Japanese questions are the damnedest thing in the language. They are full of "as fors" for no reason at all. This thing, as for, what is? Pencil, as for, what place at is? That, as for, the hat of who is? Over there's motor car, as for, whose is?

"Have you a watch?" comes out as "You, as for, a watch exists?" "My name is Smith" becomes "I am a thing called Smith." Instead of asking "What do you call this in Japanese?" he would say "This as for, by Japanese language, what thus call?"

Then they get tricky with their idioms. There is a phrase, "nai koto," which means "it is," "there are some," and "it is not that it is not." Meaning, it is.

CPL. MURRAY HILL.

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Given the Bird—

Training Signalmen

Prefer Theirs on Toast

Words by Cpl. Marion Hargrove

Pictures by Sgt. Ralph Stein

"Young man, the importance of pigeons in the Signal Corps has been somewhat overestimated."

"He's been up there for two days, sir. I'm afraid we'll have to saw him down."

FORT MONMOUTH—Pity the poor signalman, but look on him with kindness and respect.

Here is a man who goes through heart-breaking training, a man who works his fingers to the shoulder-blades and his brain to the aching point, a man who gets for his labors no recognition and no glory.

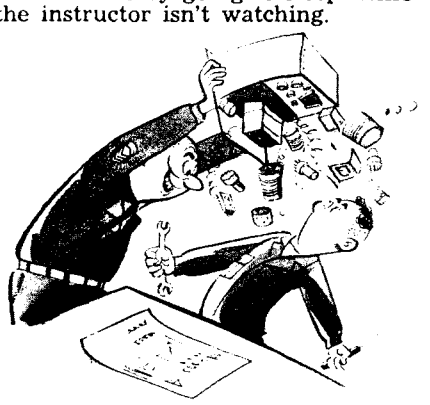
He meets a babe in town and he tells her that he's in the Signal Corps and she clasps her little hands with excitement. "Ooooh, how thu-rilling," she screams. "That's where all the pigeons are, isn't it?"

To hell with pigeons, says the signalman. To him, a pigeon is a fat fluff who has a better goldbrick job than the chaplain's assistant and gets more glory than the Marines. To him, a pigeon is a glamor boy who could serve his country better as a squab on toast. To him, a pigeon ain't nothing but a bird.

What does a pigeon do that he should be patted on the head by the commanding general and get his picture in the paper? A pigeon, like as not, has not even had basic training.

On the other hand, almost as soon as he gets into camp, the signalman is handed a telegraph pole and told, "Climb it." They truss him up in leather-and-steel splints with spurs at the heels and off he wobbles up the pole—a prey to dizziness, a toy for the elements, a perfect target for those damned pigeons.

Then he learns to lay wire and rides from pole to pole on a cable, managing to rest his sorrows from time to time by going to sleep while the instructor isn't watching.



"Something has gone blaah with this," he says. "Find it and fix it."

Suppose he doesn't get assigned as a pole man. Suppose he gets sent to school to become an operator or receiver. He learns the code. The instructor says to him, "Ah, today you have taken seven words a minute. Tomorrow we will give you seventeen words a minute." He sits there, looking at a tiny flickering light on the far wall, or he concentrates on a telegraph message to which have been added two parts of ersatz static, two parts of interfering signals which he is supposed to ignore, and whatever other interference the instructor can think up. Every sort of distraction is thrown at the student to teach him to concentrate.

Suppose he is spared this. Suppose he is given the simple and carefree life of a repairman and is assigned to the school of maintenance.

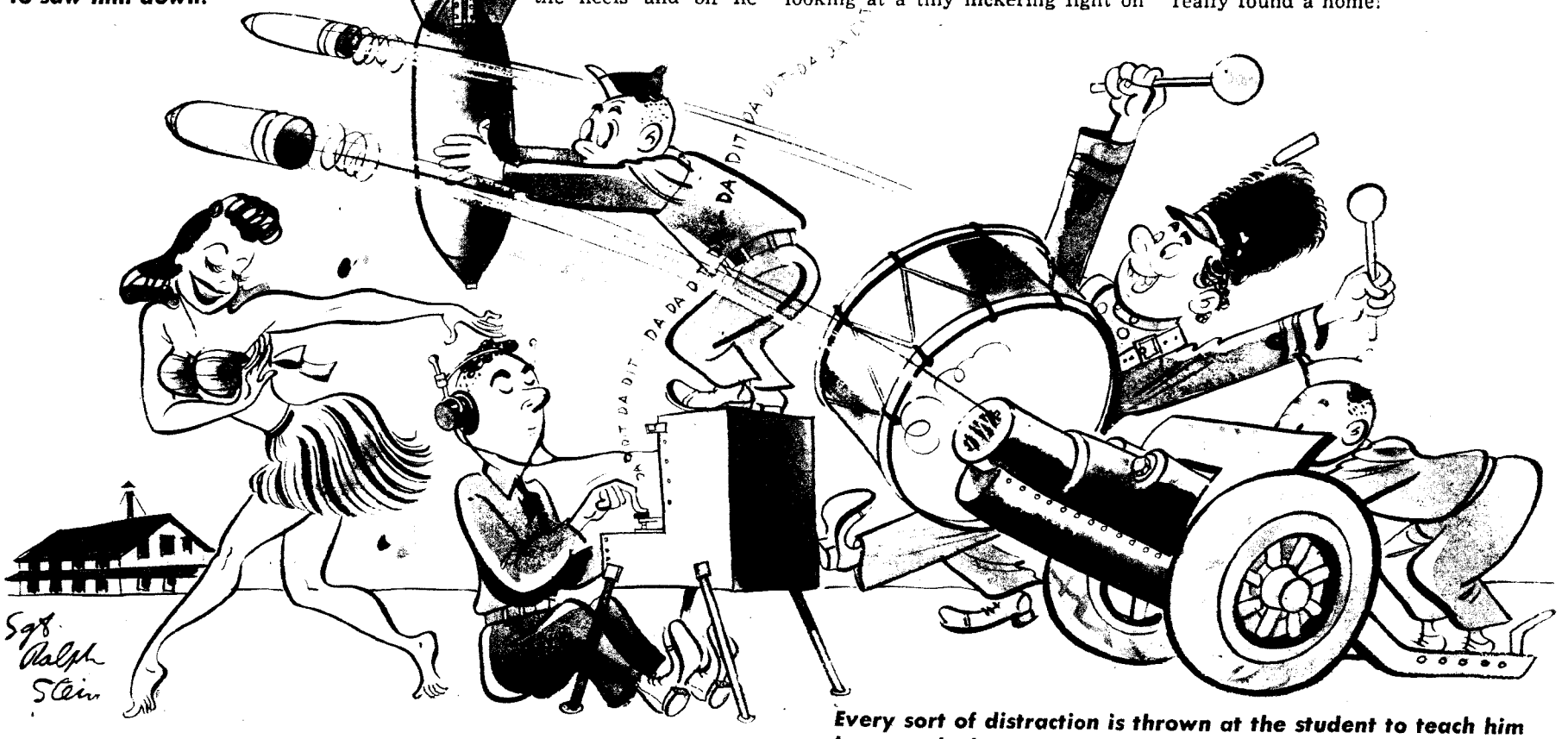
An instructor comes over with a piece of apparatus. "Something has gone blaah with this," he says. "Find it and fix it." The maintenance student doesn't ask questions. He digs out the defect. This goes on until the poor student can look at a turned-off radio in the next room and tell you what would be the matter with it if it were turned on.

Weakened by whichever of these courses he has been abandoned to, the student signalman is given his crediting or a Certificate of Disability Discharge.

In the former case, he goes off to the wars, fighting his good fight, doing the dirty work, exposing himself to colds and enemy marksmanship.

And the pigeon? The old man thinks he's looking lonesome, so he acquires a girl-friend for him.

The pigeon is the one member of the military personnel who has really found a home!



Every sort of distraction is thrown at the student to teach him to concentrate.

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"SERGEANT, sir, can I have a pass, please, huh?" are the winsome words, uttered by Pvt. Joe McTurk, which make this page possible. McTurk is played (off the back wall) by Pvt. Robert C. McCracken of Fort Belvoir, Va. Pictures are by Cpl. Pete Paris, a lover of nature.

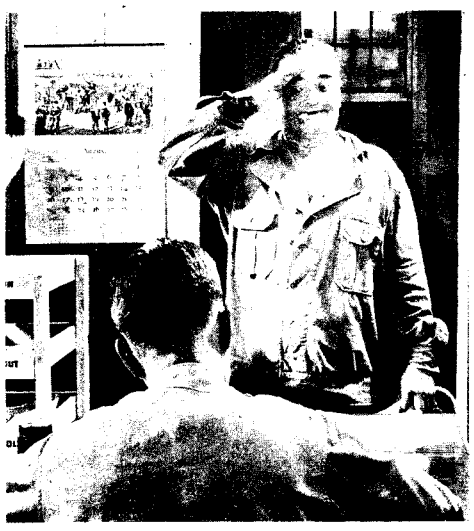
"CAN YOU have a pass?" the sergeant roars. "Yuh bum. The only pass you'll get out of me will be with the back of me hand. You should have been driven out of Staten Island with the rest of the snakes. G'wan back to the kitchen and make with the pots. And listen, Goon Squad Rosie, the next time you come in here keep that cheroot out of your kisser. It's moldy."

"LISTEN, SERGEANT," Mac says, "this is a emergency. I got to have a pass. They's been a terrible automobile accident, and three of me uncles are lying at death's door. And besides, I gave you a snort from me bottle only last week."

"GEE, A AUTO accident, huh?" the sergeant says. "That's bad, real bad." The orderly room is filling with clanking while he ponders. The sergeant is a merciful guy—when he cuts your throat, it's quick. "O.K.," he says. "You can have it."

"SERGEANT," Mac says, "you're me dream prince. Anything I got is yours. You're my pal." He waits, breathlessly, while the sergeant O.K.'s the pass. "Let's see you get it by the Old Man," the sergeant says. "I've done all that mortal enlisted man can do."

"SO YOU SAY your uncles were burned?" the captain is saying. "Yes, sir, cap'm," McTurk says "In a conflagration." The C.O. nods his head. "Very sad, indeed." he says. "They was clean living men," says McTurk.



THE C.O. signs the pass. "Cap'm," McTurk says, "you remine me of Napoleum, even of Julius Caesar, even. You are a pearl among men." Mac gives the captain the old Staten Island grineroo.

"TOO BAD about his uncles," the C.O. says to the sergeant. "Yeah," the sergeant says. "Three in one crack-up." The Old Man looks at him curiously. "Crack-up?" he says. "Why, he told me it was a fire. Hey, McTurk!" But it's too late. Mac is on his way.

ON HIS way back to barracks Mac thinks of what he'll do. Foist he'll get him a big onion smothered with steak, and then he'll telephone Marlene McGinnis, and then they'll do the town, and then maybe they'll drop up to her place. "Oh, hello, Artie," Mac greets an acquaintance. "I am off to the big town. I got me a three-day pass, and I'm a wolf who wants to howl. Bow wow."

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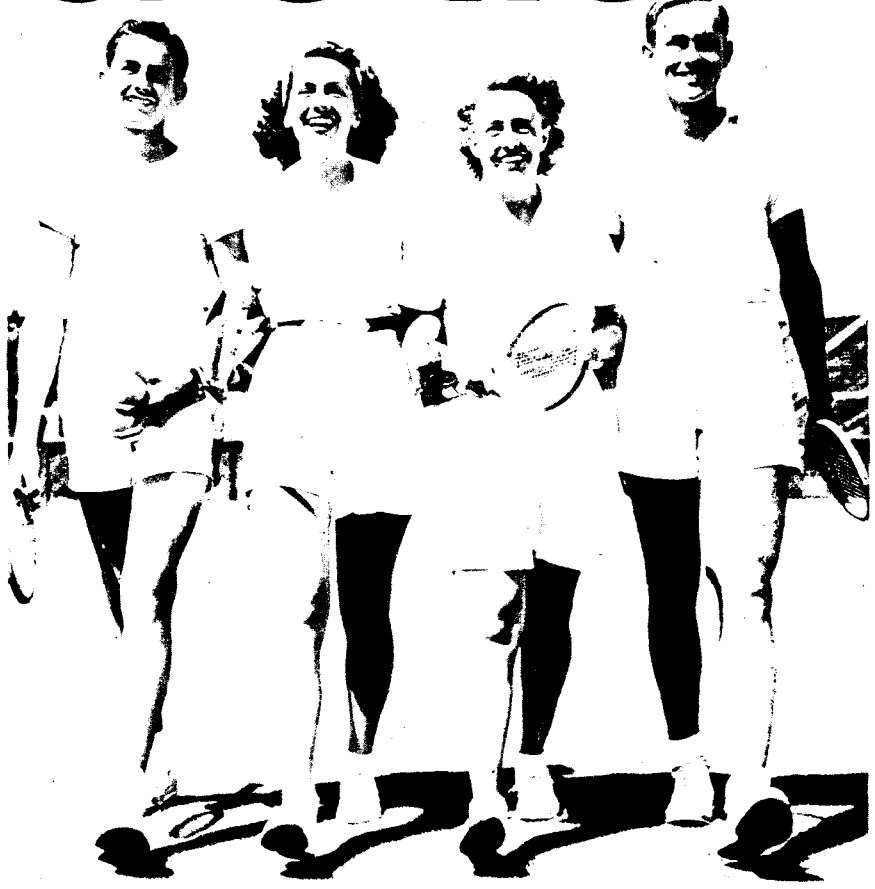
SPORTS



THAT FALKENBERG FAMILY—Jinx Falkenberg, the model, played in the National Tennis Championships at Forest Hills with her mother and brothers Bob, left, and Tom, right. But Jinx was badly beaten in the first round of the women's singles by Mrs. Madge Vosten, a lady who has never had her picture on a magazine cover.

If Only the First Sarge Would Hand Out Passes Like Sammy Baugh

LOS ANGELES—The soldiers on Major Wallace Wade's Western division of the Army All-Star football squad wish they could get Sammy Baugh as their first sergeant. They never saw anybody give out as many passes as he does.

It was the passing of Slingin' Sammy and the lack of finished organization on the part of the Army that gave the Washington Redskins a crushing 26 to 7 triumph over the Wade All-Stars in their season debut before a crowd of 60,000 relief fund show spectators here Aug. 30 in the Coliseum. Baugh threw 39 passes during the afternoon and the 16 that weren't completed could be charged against the receivers, not him.

Kimbrough Shines

The Redskins combined Baugh's pitching with Dick Todd's running to keep the Army completely bewildered. When the soldiers would spread out to guard against Baugh's passes, they would send Todd through the line or around the ends with constant effectiveness.

Lieut. John Kimbrough, the former Texas Aggie star, was outstanding on the service team. On the second play of the game, he crashed through guard, reversed his field and ran 58 yards down the sidelines for a touchdown. Bill Dawson added the extra point.

Wade Isn't Sad

But the soldiers never threatened again. Baugh threw two short touchdown passes to Todd and Bob Tech-enal and Todd picked up another on a fancy 18 yard run. Bob Masterson, the Redskin end, kicked two field goals and two conversions.

After the game, as the Army team prepared to leave for Denver where they met the Chicago Cardinals the following Sunday, Wade said, "Thank goodness we don't face any more Sammy Baughs on this tour. I wasn't disappointed in our boys."

Ball Diamonds Baffle Nazi Bomber Pilots

LONDON—German flyers can't make head or tail of the baseball diamonds marked out on English fields by American troops stationed here. Whenever the Nazis spot one, they bomb it, suspecting that it is some kind of a new defense installation.

Horses Will Race Again On Pacific Coast This Fall

SAN FRANCISCO—Horse racing will return to the Pacific Coast this Fall for the first time since Pearl Harbor.

The Bay Meadows track, just outside San Francisco has received permission from Lieut.-Gen. John L. DeWitt, Western defense commander, to hold a meeting in September provided the last race each day is completed by 5 p.m.

All meets on the Pacific Coast last winter were cancelled by an order of the Army which banned gatherings of large crowds.

DOM DI MAGGIO JOINS NAVY

BOSTON—Dominic DiMaggio, youngest of the famous trio of DiMaggio brothers in the major leagues, has been sworn into the navy as a coxswain.

The slugging 24-year-old centerfielder of the Boston Red Sox is expected to finish out the current season before leaving for active duty.

College Football Hopes to Stay Open for Business as Usual

NEW YORK—Players and leading coaches like Wallace Wade of Duke, Jim Crowley of Fordham and Bernie Bierman of Minnesota are in the Army, Navy and Marines and the lack of transportation facilities will be a problem but, nevertheless, colleges all over the land have started to prepare for the 1942 football season.

Just what kind of a football season it will be, nobody ventures to predict. Several colleges, with their juniors and seniors leaving to join the armed forces, have dropped the ban against freshmen competing on the varsity squads.

There are unofficial reports from Washington that the annual West Point-Annapolis game in Philadelphia with its traditional 100,000 crowd may be cancelled, because the rail transportation required for the spectators and the cadet and midshipman student bodies will be needed for other purposes.

Here's How They Look

But even though the outlook is cloudy, gridiron candidates everywhere are struggling through the preliminary grass drills, tackling dummy sessions and black board talks. And when you get September football practice, discussions about prospects and conference championship contenders automatically follow.

Here is a brief pre-season preview of the intercollegiate football situation in various sections of the country.

EAST—Fordham and Duquesne led the eastern teams last year and it seems as though they will be on top again. When Jim Crowley left Fordham to join the Navy and coach the Pre-Flight School at Chapel Hill, he bequeathed to his successor, Earl Walsh, a strong line and a great backfield, headed by Steve Filipowicz and Joe Andrejco. Coach Buff Donelli at Duquesne, winner of 23 out of 25 games in the last three years, has 15 letter men returning, including a veteran line.

Red Blaik, at West Point, with little time for practice these days, is pinning his hopes on Hank Mazur, the East's outstanding triple threat back. Annapolis, riddled by graduation, is a question mark.

Fordham depends on Filipowicz.

Penn Seems Strong

In the Ivy League, Pennsylvania has an experienced eleven and Columbia has Paul Governali, the best thing Lou Little has seen since Sid Luckman left Morningside Heights. Boston College, pointing for a Fordham game for the first time in 10 years, has an All-American prospect in Gil Bouley, 220 pound tackle.

SOUTH—Texas A. and M., Texas, Georgia, Alabama, Tennessee and, believe it or not, William and Mary all look good in this section. The Texas Aggies have a letterman in every position except water boy. Dana X. Bible at Texas U. has lost his entire first eleven from last fall but he still has a wealth of veterans and a sophomore star named Ray Jones who is expected to make headlines.

Georgia has Frank Sinkwich.

The great Frankie Sinkwich, broken jaw and all, is returning to Georgia and the Alabama Crimson Tide that swamped Texas A. and M. in the Cotton Bowl is still intact. Tennessee is building a strong machine around Bobby Cifers. William and Mary is expecting to take the Southern Conference title away from Duke, which has lost its entire Rose Bowl team by graduation.

Minnesota Still Tops

MID-WEST—Even though Bernie Bierman is in the Marines, Minnesota, under Dr. George Hauser, is expected to top the Western Conference, although Ohio State, and Michigan with Tom Kuzma, will be strong. Minnesota has two great backs in Bill Daley and Herman Frickey and Capt. Dick Wildung is one of the finest tackles in captivity.

Notre Dame, with Coach Frank Leahy dropping the Rockne system and switching into the Chicago Bears T-Formation, will be more powerful than last year if the experiment works.

PACIFIC COAST—Oregon State, the Rose Bowl champ, with 17 lettermen including the two good fullbacks, Joe Day and Lou Shelton, is said to be the works out here but the Beavers may get some strenuous competition from California's promising sophomore team. Southern California, last in the Pacific Coast Conference, has 28 experienced players, an enviable asset in this war year. Stanford with a new coach—Marchmont Schwartz, the old Notre Dame hero—is rated as a dark horse, too.

Red Cross, U.S.O. to Split World Series Coconuts

CHICAGO—The Red Cross and the U.S.O. will share receipts from the 1942 World Series according to a plan announced by Judge K. M. Landis and Presidents Will Harridge of the American League and Ford Frick of the National League.

The entire radio fee of $100,000 will be turned over to the two organizations and they will get all admission receipts from games three, four, six and seven after deduction of the players' share from games three and four.

Basing the figures on the probability of a Yankee-Dodger series, Judge Landis estimated that the Red Cross and U.S.O. would receive $357,544 if it goes four games only and $679,006 if it lasts the limit of seven games.

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SPORTS: LOU NOVIKOFF, THE MAD RUSSIAN, FINALLY HITS BIG LEAGUE PITCHING IN A GREAT BIG WAY

BY CPL. JOE MCCARTHY

The millions of people who talk, sleep and eat National League baseball—and they tell me it's very tasty either sliced cold with potato salad or creamed on toast—are so wrapped up these days in the slap-happy pennant race between the Dodgers and the Cardinals that hardly anybody outside of his large personal following in Chicago is paying much attention to Mr. Lou Novikoff, the Mad Russian outfielder of the Cubs.

This is rather a regrettable state of affairs because the picturesque Mr. Novikoff, after a slow start like Whirlaway, has finally established himself as a major league ball player. Making the grade as a big timer was not easy for Mr. Novikoff, the most colorful character to wear a Cub uniform since Branch Rickey, the clever horse trader, sent Dizzy Dean from St. Louis to Wrigley Field with a touching wreath of lilies hanging on his dead right arm.

Bush League Terror

Mr. Novikoff was always a sensation in the bush leagues. His first year in organized ball with Ponca City in the Western Association back in 1937 he merely batted .351 and had to settle for second place in the hitting list. But ever since he has been the leading batter in every league he has played in—.368 with Moline in 1938; .368 with Tulsa and .452 with Los Angeles in 1939, and .363 with Los Angeles in 1940.

Last year, the Cubs brought the Mad Russian to Chicago expecting him to set the world on fire but he didn't even start a flame in Philip K. ("The Flavor Lasts") Wrigley's heart. After a few weeks, Wrigley decided he was a dismal flop and sent him to Milwaukee with a shipment of Doublemint and Spearmint that happened to be going out that way.

Back in the minor leagues again, the Russian breathed a deep sigh of relief. Humming a few light Volga river melodies, he rolled up his sleeves and proceeded to hammer out a

.370 average at Milwaukee to lead the American Association in batting.

This perplexed Wrigley and his associates in Chicago, Jimmy Gallagher and Manager Jimmy Wilson, and forced them, naturally, to tear the wrapping off another package of Juicy Fruit and bring the once-more wonderful Mr. Novikoff back to the Cubs last spring.

And, once again, as soon as he crawled into a major league uniform, Mr. Novikoff was a pathetic flop. He couldn't hit a lick.

"This can't be the same Russian who was doing all that slugging in Milwaukee last summer," Jimmy Wilson muttered. "I thought I had another Timoshenko but this guy bats like Mischa Auer."

Manager Jimmy Wilson picks up a bat and gives the Mad Russian a fight talk.

But when Jimmy Gallagher and Jimmy Wilson, laughingly referred to by one of the Chicago sportswriters as "The James Boys," tried to remove Mr. Novikoff from the line-up, Wrigley Field customers set up a howl that rocked the entire North Shore. Even though the Mad Russian was terrible, the fans wanted him to stay in there. They said they would rather see Mr. Novikoff striking out than watch the other Cubs get base hits, and, considering some of the other Cubs in the team this year, you could hardly blame them.

When he looks back now on the faith his public placed in him during that trying period, Mr. Novikoff's cherubic Russian puss softens with tender gratitude. "They sure were wonderful—my pals!" he murmurs, reaching for his harmonica to supply a little suitable background music of the happy Cossack type.

His pals paid for the privilege of seeing him strike out until along about the first of June. The Mad Russian was batting for a cool .207 on that date but then he began to find himself. During the month between June 18 and July 18, Mr. Novikoff, playing in every game, batted for .389 and started a fast climb up the ladder in the league average ratings.

On the morning of Aug. 7, a clear and sunny day, he suddenly made his appearance in the First Five with an average of .316 with only Reiser, Lombardi, Medwick and Musial ahead of him. The Novikoff followers along the North Shore were too excited to eat supper that night.

The Mad Russian would probably be leading the league now if it wasn't for something that happened in Cincinnati two days later. One of Bucky Walters' fast balls struck him on the hand and he had to drop out of the line-up for several days. That slowed him down but he's back now. As we go to press, he's batting for .311 and expects to beat Reiser and Slaughter for the batting crown. After all, he's won the batting crown in every league he's played in for the last four years and doesn't want to spoil his record.

Dodgers Are Like Monkeys

Mr. Novikoff's feat of lifting his average from .207 to .316 in a little over two months is certainly one of the most inspired athletic accomplishments of the season. How did he do it?

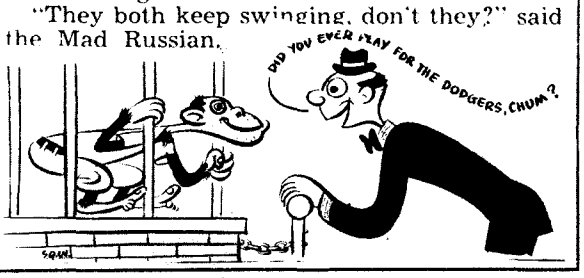
"I found out I was thinking too much," Mr. Novikoff explains. "I can't hit when I'm thinking. So I just stopped thinking."

But the Mad Russian still thinks now and then when he isn't at the plate. Visiting St. Louis a couple of weeks ago, he walked Warren Brown of the Chicago Sun out to the Forrest Park Zoo to study the rare birds.

"I got so many varieties of birds since I been out here," he explained. "I want to see if there was any I missed."

Then he visited the monkey cage and began to think about the Dodgers, and made a few remarks about them to Brown. Brown asked why the monkeys made Mr. Novikoff think of the Dodgers.

"They both keep swinging, don't they?" said the Mad Russian.



Chicago Bears Beat College Stars Easily

CHICAGO—Col. Robert Neyland's Eastern platoon of the Army All-Star football squad will have no gold-bricking job on its hand when it visits Boston Sept. 20 to face George Halas and his Chicago Bears.

The National League professional champions made Neyland shudder when they crushed Bob Zuppke's College All-Stars, 21 to 0, in the annual charity show at Soldiers' Field here before a crowd of 101,200 spectators. The gridiron was enveloped with a thick Lake Michigan fog all night and so were the 1941 college seniors on Zuppke's squad. They never had a chance.

The Bears scored on a 60-yard drive the first time they got possession of the ball, with Bill Osmanski, Ray Nolting and Hugh Gallarneau smashing through the tackles and Gallarneau finally plunging over from the three yard line. Then a 28-yard pass from Young Bussey to Hampton Pool brought another touchdown before the first half ended.

Sid Luckman threw Pool a tremendous 58-yard scoring pass and Gallarneau bucked out another six points the hard way from the eight yard line later in the evening. Joe Stydahar place-kicked all three extra points.

The All-Stars had three chances to score but couldn't do a thing when the Bear defense tightened up. Steve Juzwik, the slippery Notre Dame grad, ran back a Luckman punt 84 yards to the 10 yard line in the first period but they couldn't go an inch further. The passes of Bruce Smith of Minnesota brought them into Bear territory twice after that but the professional opposition was too tough.

Incidentally, the crowd paid $305,251 which will bring about $100,000 to the Army and Navy relief funds.

MAJOR LEAGUE LEADERS
(As of Aug. 31)

BATTING

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Player and Club	G.	AB.	R.	H.	Pct.
Williams, Boston	129	453	114	156	.344
Wright, Chicago	85	300	43	101	.337
Gordon, New York	122	442	72	147	.333
Pesky, Boston	126	526	85	172	.327
Spence, Washington	123	515	75	168	.326

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Reiser, Brooklyn	103	349	82	129	.328
Slaughter, St. Louis	128	499	85	162	.325
Musial, St. Louis	116	377	75	119	.316
Lombardi, Boston	88	245	24	77	.314
Medwick, Brooklyn	123	477	59	148	.310

HOME RUNS

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	27	Ott, Giants	25
Keller, Yankees	24	Mize, Giants	23
Laabs, Browns	22	Camilli, Dodgers	22

RUNS BATTED IN

AMERICAN		NATIONAL	
Williams, R. Sox	114	Slaughter, Cards	90
DiMaggio, Yanks	91	Medwick, Dodgers	88
Doerr, Red Sox	90	Camilli, Dodgers	88

TEXAS LEAGUE
(Aug. 31)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Beaumont	85	56	.603	Houston	74	67	.525
Shreveport	80	58	.580	Tulsa	74	70	.514
Ft. Worth	82	62	.569	Okla. City	55	91	.377
San Antonio	76	66	.535	Dallas	43	99	.303

SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION
(Aug. 31)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Little Rock	80	58	.580	Birmingham	72	71	.503
Nashville	83	64	.565	Memphis	70	74	.486
New Orleans	73	68	.518	Chattanooga	62	81	.434
Atlanta	73	72	.503	Knoxville	57	82	.410

PACIFIC COAST LEAGUE
(Aug. 31)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Los Angeles	92	62	.597	San Francisco	76	78	.494
Sacramento	88	63	.583	Oakland	70	83	.458
Seattle	81	71	.533	Hollywood	68	86	.442
San Diego	78	75	.510	Portland	58	94	.382

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION
(Aug. 31)

	W.	L.	PC.		W.	L.	PC.
Columbus	79	65	.549	Toledo	71	69	.507
Kansas City	80	66	.548	Minneapolis	72	75	.490
Milwaukee	78	65	.545	Indianapolis	70	74	.486
Louisville	73	70	.510	St. Paul	54	98	.367

Unknown Wins $10,000 Trapshooting Tournament

VANDALIA, O. — The 43d annual $10,000 Grand American Handicap Trapshooting tournament was raised to a 200-target race—twice its usual length—in an effort to have an expert win this year. But unknown James H. Holderman, 32-year-old Morris, Ill. farmer, took top honors.

Holderman broke 193 targets to tie with Ray Finney of Mankato, Minn. at the end of the regular 200-bird grind. In the 25-bird shootoff, Holderman didn't miss a one from the 20-yard line. Finney, a well-known big game hunter, failed on two targets.

Carolyn Elliot of Nashville, a junior at Vanderbilt U., won the women's title in a shootoff with Mrs. Donald McClain of Atlanta, 24 to 23, after both had tied at 183.

TOPPING'S A MARINE CAPTAIN

NEW YORK—Dan Topping, millionaire sportsman and owner of the Brooklyn Football Dodgers, who was turned down by his draft board last year as physically unfit has been commissioned a captain in the Marine Corps. He is the husband of Sonja Henie, the ice skating star.

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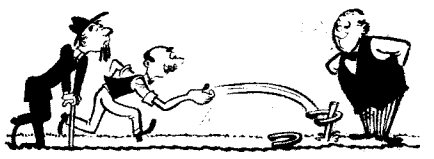
Bums Wish They Never Went West

THIS ISN'T A RODEO—Just a Pacific Coast League ball game and Catcher John Leovick of Portland is up in the air. You can't blame him because he missed the ball and Roy Hughes, L.A. 2nd baseman, slid safely home.

HOME TOWN SPORT NEWS



CHICAGO—Skeeter Webb, utility infielder, is the best White Sox golfer. In the club's annual tournament at Westgate Country Club, Webb led the ball players with a 76, three strokes better than Manager Jimmy Dykes. . . . An unusual ladies' day at Wrigley Field had the gals scrapping to get into the park. Not a free for all, but paying admission in old metal for Chicago's scrap drive.

BOSTON — Rookie Johnny Sain, Braves' hurler, is the first National Leaguer to enlist in Naval aviation. . . . Stan Benjamin, former first baseman for the Phillies, is an assistant football coach at Northeastern University.

PITTSBURGH — The sensational fielding streak of Al Lopez, Pirate catcher, came to an end recently when he made a wild throw after handling 300 chances in 84 games without a misplay.

PASADENA—Pasadena folks are giving the Army the bird these days. When the West Coast dimout rule went into effect, the townspeople could no longer indulge in their favorite after-dinner sport of badminton. Now the Army camps nearby are getting the birds and racquets for recreational use.

NEW ORLEANS—The Sugar Bowl sports carnival will take place as usual this year over the Christmas holidays. Stanford and the Great Lakes Naval Academy, two of the country's strongest teams, have agreed to meet in the basketball feature. There also will be a track meet and the annual football game on New Year's Day.

DETROIT — Rudy York, after a slow start this season, may get that $5,000 the Tigers have offered him as a bonus if he bats in over 100 runs. The big first baseman has been pounding the ball in recent weeks and can reach that figure by averaging a r. b. i. per game for the rest of the season.

SAN FRANCISCO—Lefty O'Doul, fiery manager of the lackadaisical Seals, has been reading the riot act to the team. Ollie Bejma, veteran fielding star but always a light hitter, replaced the inconsistent Ted Jennings at second base in the first shakeup of the regular lineup.

ST. LOUIS—Dizzy Dean, sports announcer for a local station, and Bill Delancey, who were battery mates for the Cards in the 1934 World Series, had their first reunion in eight years recently at Sportsman's Park. Dean spotted Delancey in a boxseat and interrupted his broadcast to see his old pal. Delancey's promising career was halted after 1934 when he developed a lung condition.

CHATTANOOGA — Manager Sparky Olson and his Lookouts played and won three complete ball games in one day here recently, taking two Southern Association battles from the Birmingham Barons in the afternoon and then beating the Fort Oglethorpe all-stars at night.

ARMY GETS TAFT WRIGHT

FORT BRAGG, N. C. — Taft Wright, slugging Chicago White Sox outfielder whose batting average this season is .337, has been inducted into the Army here.

MAJOR LEAGUE STANDINGS (AS OF AUGUST 31ST)

(YANK'S big circulation forces it to press a week before publication date and therefore readers in the U.S. will find these standings old stuff. They are printed for men overseas who never get daily sport news and are glad to see how the leagues are doing, even if figures are not up to the minute.)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Brooklyn	St. Louis	New York	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Chicago	Boston	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
Brooklyn	—	9	12	13	12	16	13	12	87	40	.685	—
St. Louis	11	—	13	10	11	13	13	14	85	44	.659	3
New York	6	6	—	12	12	11	10	13	70	58	.547	17½
Cincinnati	5	7	8	—	10	6	15	12	63	64	.496	24
Pittsburgh	5	7	7	6	—	9	12	12	58	66	.468	27½
Chicago	5	5	8	12	10	—	8	12	60	72	.455	29½
Boston	5	6	7	5	6	10	—	12	51	79	.392	37½
Phila.	3	4	3	6	5	7	8	—	36	87	.293	49
Games lost	40	44	58	64	66	72	79	87	—	—		

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	New York	Boston	St. Louis	Cleveland	Detroit	Chicago	Washington	Philadelphia	Won	Lost	Percentage	Games behind
New York	—	9	12	12	12	14	12	14	85	44	.659	—
Boston	8	—	9	12	12	11	13	13	78	53	.595	8
St. Louis	6	10	—	8	9	12	10	13	68	60	.531	16½
Cleveland	7	8	8	—	6	10	13	15	67	63	.515	18½
Detroit	7	6	10	12	—	9	8	12	64	67	.489	22
Chicago	6	7	5	8	9	—	10	10	55	68	.447	27
Wash'ton	4	6	10	6	11	4	—	9	50	75	.400	33
Phila.	6	7	6	5	8	8	9	—	49	86	.363	39
Games lost	44	53	60	63	67	68	75	86	—	—		

Cards, Cubs, Pirates Knock Their Comfortable Lead to Smithereens

NEW YORK—Leo Durocher doesn't agree with Horace Greeley, the philosopher who advised young men to go West if they wanted fame and fortune.

The talkative Brooklyn manager and his Bums headed across the Alleghanies two weeks ago on their last Western tour of the season with a comfortable lead on the rest of the National League and the World Series money as good as in their bank accounts. Now they don't know whether they are going or coming.

First they ran into the St. Louis Cardinals and when the smoke cleared Max Lanier, Mort Cooper and Johnny Beazley had taken three decisions from the Dodgers in the four game series. Then the Brooklyn boys stumbled on to Chicago and Pittsburgh, getting only an even split of a two game series in each town.

Cards Expect Pennant

That gave them only three out of eight, their worst showing of the season. And as we go to press, the Dodger lead of seven and a half games over the second place Cards at the start of this Western trip has been cut down to merely three little measly lengths.

That isn't much, the way the Cardinals are playing baseball these days. Billy Southworth's team has taken 20 out of its last 23 games. Enos Slaughter and Stan Musial are on the verge of taking the batting lead away from Pete Reiser. Cooper and Beazley have both pitched 17 victories.

So naturally St. Louis is predicting another last minute pennant, like the flag that the Gas House Gang of 1934 took away from the Giants on the final day of the schedule.

Odds still favor the Dodgers who have 26 games still left to play and most of them on the old home grounds at Flatbush. The Cards are facing another trip to the East including two crooshial games at Ebbets Field, Sept. 11 and 12, that may well decide the pennant.

Henrich Leaves Yankees

The Dodgers were bothered by a batting slump at St. Louis and among other handicaps, they are now without the services of Reiser who is at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore taking treatments for a pulled leg muscle. But Durocher hopes to have him back soon.

In the American League, the Red Sox broke out with a nine game winning streak finally broken in Boston by the Indians who stopped the young rookie pitcher, Tex Hughson, after he had won 11 straight. But the Yankees still lead by eight games at this writing.

Tommy Henrich has left the Yankee outfield to join the Coast Guards and the champions are not too strong in the outfield department. They have called the veteran Pitcher Jim Turner up from Newark. Turner will be remembered as the aged rookie who pitched so well for the Boston Braves a few years back but couldn't keep it up for Bill McKechnie at Cincinnati.

Another interesting development last week in the American League was the return of Dutch Leonard, the Washington knuckle ball ace, out since he broke his leg in April. Leonard celebrated his recovery by hurling a five hit shut-out against Cleveland.

NEWARK CLINCHES FLAG

NEWARK — The bears have clinched the International League pennant again, the seventh time they have turned the trick in the last 11 years.

SPORT SHORTS

Iowa will have its greatest football team in years, but it won't be the regular Hawkeye squad. **Lieut. Col. Bernie Bierman** of the Marines, former Minnesota coach, has a wealth of material for his Naval Pre-Flight eleven at the university. Among the availables are **Ensign Forrest Evashevski**, great Michigan blocker; **George Paskvan** and **Eddie Jankowski**, ex-Wisconsin and Green Bay fullbacks; **Gene Flick** and **Johnny Haman**, all-American centers from Minnesota and Northwestern, and

Buddy Lewis, the Senator star, is now an Army flying cadet at Randolph Field.

Ohio State's **Jimmy Langhurst** and **Dick Fisher**. . . . **Dr. Joe Alexander**, who was named by the late Walter Camp to an all-American guard position in 1919 and 1920 while playing with Syracuse, has succeeded Navy Lieut. Bennie Friedman as coach at C.C.N.Y.

Johnnie McCarthy, former Giants' first baseman, will return to the majors next year from Indianapolis to the Boston Braves. . . . Pessimistic **Frank Leahy** gave a tipoff to expected Notre Dame strength when he said, "We'll be lucky to win six or seven games of the 11 we play this year.". . . **Red Grange** is the only player of the modern generation to be named on the all-time all-American team chosen by the Helms Athletic Foundation of Los Angeles. Other backfield choices were **Willie Heston, Jim Thorpe** and **Walter Eckersall**. . . . **Bill Mihalo** of Detroit won the National A.A.U. 20-kilometer walking championship at Chicago. **Frank Abbate** of Cincinnati was second. . . . American Association baseball writers named **Ed Stanky**, Milwaukee shortstop, the league's most valuable freshman for 1942. **Stanky** is a sensational fielder and the leading hitter in the association with an average of .334.

Craig Wood, Jimmy Demaret, Ben Hogan and either **Byron Nelson** or **Ed Dudley** will tour South America in October for a series of exhibitions and an appearance in the Argentine open. The government hopes these ace golfers will promote good will with our Latin neighbors. . . . **Champ Seibold**, who quit pro football last year after six starring seasons with the Green Bay Packers, is making a comeback with the Chicago Cardinals.

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YANK

THE ARMY WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

AIR FIGHTER. Pvt. Charles Belkanp, of Walden, N. Y., now of New Guinea, shown here with a trusting arm around his gun, is one soldier who'll never forget that flashlight. It probably saved his life. The Flying Fortress of which he is a gunner was on a combat mission over Jap territory when it was attacked by a Zero. The fighter sent a burst of machine gun fire through Belkanp's gun turret. The bullet that held his number ran up against the flashlight in his hip pocket. This picture shows where it ploughed through the flashlight and tore a hole in his pocket.

DESERT FIGHTER. Here is a man! This New Zealand Hercules looks as if he didn't need to load a gun with that 25 pound shell. He could throw it into enemy lines with as much effect. Anyway, it's a message that some Axis soldiers in Egypt won't forget in a hurry.

How to get YANK for FREE!

(FILL IN COUPON BELOW AND MAIL TO RICHEST RELATIVE)

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☐ Dad ☐ Mom ☐ Aunt
☐ Uncle ☐ Sugar ☐

THE WEATHER HERE IS

☐ Perfect ☐ Lousy
☐ Hot as Hedy Lamarr
☐ Cold as a dead fish
☐ Rainy ☐ Dry

THE VIEW FROM MY ROOM IS ☐ Limited

☐ Breathtaking
☐ Just like the movies
☐ Blocked by the Top-kick's back

THE NATIVES ARE

☐ Friendly ☐ Interested
☐ Cooperative ☐ Handsome

AS FOR THE GIRLS

☐ I ain't talkin'
☐ Too few of 'em
☐ I'm not interested
☐ They're good dancers
☐ They're careful
☐ They go for me in a great big way.
☐ Beautiful, just beautiful

WE SPEND OUR EVENINGS ☐ Sleeping

☐ Strolling
☐ Shooting the breeze
☐ Pitching woo
☐ Swatting bugs
☐ Working like heck

EVERYTHING IS FINE

I'm healthy, happy, busy, well-fed, making lots of friends, learning the ropes,

BUT . . . I'd like more to read. I want to subscribe to YANK, the soldier-written newspaper. Believe me, it's got what it takes. Soldier-reporters are giving us the lowdown from all the fighting fronts, and YANK is filled with army gags and cartoons. But it's a long time till payday. How about helping me out by sending this coupon to YANK, The Army Newspaper, 205 E. 42nd St., New York City. It only costs 75 cents for six months, or $1.50 for one year. Thanks a lot. You're a real pal!

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